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*Harris
Complete Songster*

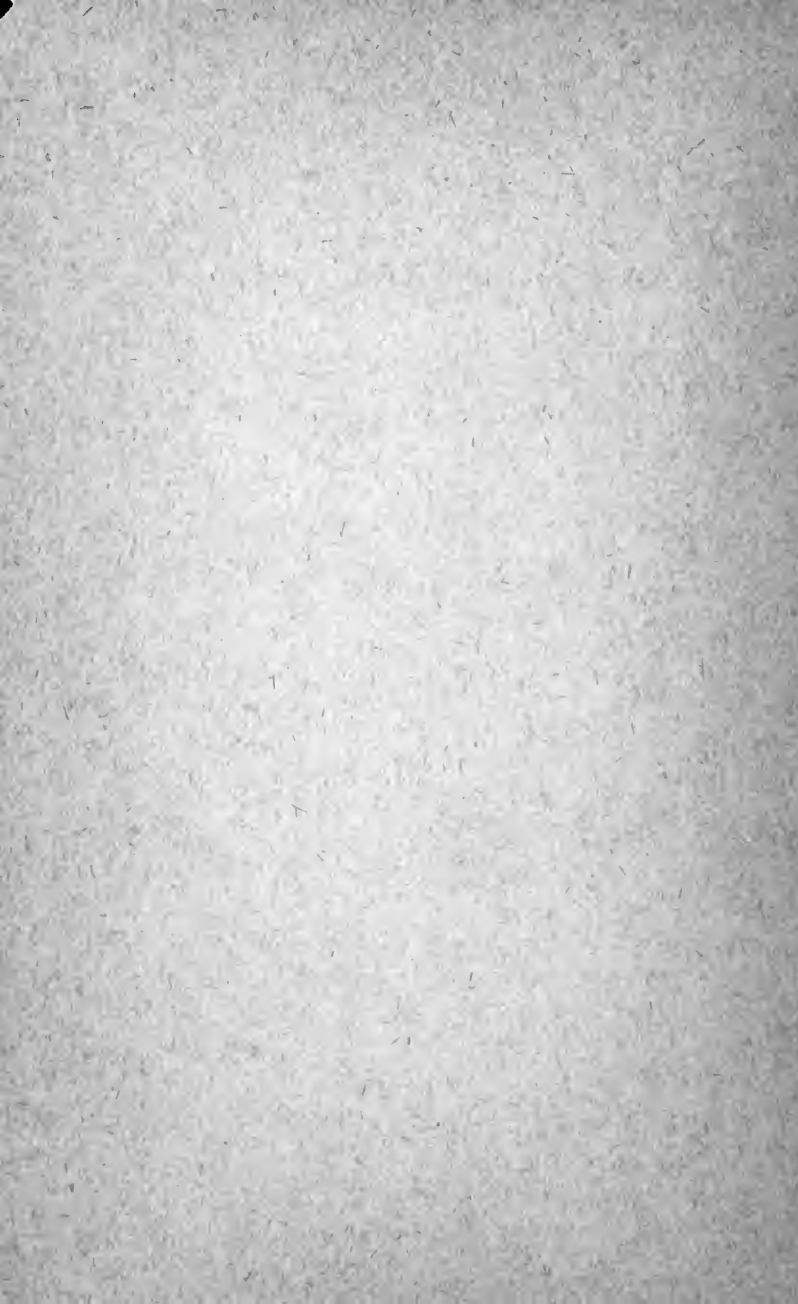


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Chas. K. Harris' Complete Songster

CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED
AND FIFTY

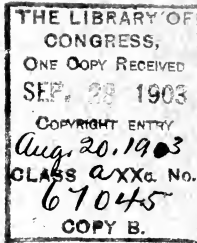
Latest Popular Songs

SUCCESSSES OF MR. HARRIS
AND HIS STAFF OF FAMOUS COMPOSERS



CHICAGO
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.
PUBLISHERS

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CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

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CHARLES K. HARRIS
COMPLETE SONGSTER

AFTER THE BALL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A little maiden climbed an old man's knees,
Begged for a story—"Do, Uncle, please;
Why are you single; why live alone?
Have you no babies; have you no home?"
"I had a sweetheart years, years ago;
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all,
I believed her faithless after the ball.

CHORUS—

After the ball is over, after the break of morn—
After the dancers' leaving; after the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all;
Many the hopes that vanished after the ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom,
Softly the music, playing sweet tunes—
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own—
'I wish some water; leave me alone.'
When I returned, dear, there stood a man
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all,
Just as my heart was after the ball.

"Long years have passed, child, I've never wed;
True to my lost love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain;
I would not listen, pleadings were vain.
One day a letter came from that man—
He was her brother, the letter ran.
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all;
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball."

A RABBI'S DAUGHTER

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A rabbi sat one evening with a Bible on his knee,
His daughter knelt beside him, for she loved him tenderly—
"Come, tell me, child," the rabbi said,
"Why do you weep and sigh?
Don't be afraid to trust me, dear, tell me the reason why."
She gazed into his dear, kind face and said: "Will you
forgive?
I love a man with all my heart, without him I can't live."
The rabbi looked down at his child—"One question answer
me:
Is he of Jewish faith or not?" Her head sank on her knee.

CHORUS—

"You are a rabbi's daughter, and as such you must obey,
Your father you must honor unto his dying day;
If you a Christian marry, your old father's heart you'll
break—
You are a rabbi's daughter, and must leave him for my
sake."

The hour of midnight sounded, the world seemed all at rest,
The maiden kissed a picture, and she held it to her breast,
"I'm told I must not love you, dear, I ne'er must see your
face,
And that you cannot marry me, for you're not of my faith;

But I shall have no other love, and, though my heart should
break,
To you, my love, I'll faithful be, though I may never wake."
Her words came true that very morn, for on her bed so
white
The rabbi found his only child had died for love that night.

BABY, YOU DONE ME—'DEED YOU DID

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Ah took a fancy to a wench,
And her name was Hannah Brown;
To find a hotter cook stove,
Now, you couldn't in the town;
She cert'nly was scandalious,
Good-looking, swell and cute;
In fact, she was too swift for me,
And that I can't dispute.
Ma word, for—

CHORUS—

Baby, you done me, and I don't know why;
'Yes, to think you shun me now,
It makes me sigh.
I'm not a-gwine to grieve,
But glad am I to leave,
Fo', Baby, you done me—'deed you did.

When first she threw a glance at me
I thought she was de thing;
She's done gone cleaned me of ma cash,
Likewise ma diamond ring.
Ah dressed her up to beat de band,
Just to win some other coon;
She'll be no more ma pork chops,
For I'm gwine to shake her soon.
Ma word, for—etc.

AFTER WAR COMES PEACE AND LOVE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

'Neath the stars, one summer night,
In the pale moon's silver light,
Strolled a soldier with his sweetheart fond and true;
But his heart is filled with pain,
As they wander down the lane,
For the tears are flowing from her eyes of blue.
On the morrow he will go
Far away to fight the foe,
For the glory of the flag he loves so dear;
Now he draws her to his heart.
For the time has come to part,
The bugle sounds; he murmurs in her ear,

CHORUS—

I now must part from you, sweetheart,
And may ne'er return again;
But if I do, 'twill be to you,
To banish all your pain;
Through day and night, your eyes so bright
Will guide me like the stars above;
So dry your tears and have no fears—
After war comes peace and love.

Far across the ocean blue,
From the one he loves so true,
In battle he has won a hero's fame;
Still his thoughts do fondly roam
To the girl he left at home,
And he is longing to be with her once again.
When the war clouds drift away,
And the golden sun's bright ray
Sends a gleam of peace and happiness to all,
He will find his sweetheart fair,
As he left her waiting there,
When he marched away to answer duty's call.

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A GIRL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Jack was a bright-eyed youngster,
Merry and gay was he;
Mamie, his dear little sweetheart,
Roguish and so fair was she.
One day while they were playing,
This little maid for fun
Threw her hat into the water,
Then off for home she did run.
Jack looked at her for a moment,
Then at her hat sinking fast—
Off came his coat in a twinkling,
Into the water he dashed.
Back came poor Mamie sobbing,
There he stood with her hat—
“Don’t cry, I’d do it all over,
All for you, sweetheart,” said Jack.

CHORUS—

All for the love of a dear little girl,
All for a smile that will set your brain a-whirl,
Man gives up life and all joys in this world,
All for the love of a girl
Yes, it was—

Years passed, Jack grew to manhood,
Handsome and tall was he,
Loving his same little sweetheart,
She was his fair bride to be.
Still Mamie loved to tease him
As in the olden days,
Till one day he vowed he’d leave her,
Said he would sail far away.
She never thought him in earnest,
She never dreamed he would go—,

"If you do, I'll get another,
Some one who'll love me, I know."
He joined his ship that evening,
Though for her love he yearned;
Poor Mamie's heart it is breaking—
Jack's ship has never returned.

AFTER NINE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I'm fond of a stroll on a prominent street
After nine, after nine;
What strange things we see, and what people we meet,
After nine, after nine.
Give me your attention—I'll not make it long—
I'll tell you some facts in a topical song—
The things that occur in life's mighty throng
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS—

After nine, when mamma's asleep,
Georgy will come Katie's company to keep,
And burn all the gas while papa's asleep,
After nine, after nine.

A large drygoods box on the street you will see
After nine, after nine;
You pass it by quickly and innocently
After nine, after nine.

A big night policeman patrolling his beat
Will glance very sharply at each one he'll meet;
But when the coast's clear in that box he will sneak,
After nine, after nine.

A bald-headed man will go to a show
After nine, after nine;
He admires the ballet from the front row,
After nine, after nine.

He writes to the fairy, "Your face I adore;
I'll meet you, my loved one, at the stage door."
He meets her, and finds she is just fifty-four,
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS—

After nine, when all is serene,
No paint or powder on that face to be seen,
The fairy's a grandma, 'tis plain to be seen,
After nine, after nine.

A married man wishes to go to a ball,
After nine, after nine;
His dear wife, you know, suspects nothing wrong,
After nine, after nine.
He makes an excuse, and his wife takes it in,
There's a light in her dark eye bodes no good to him;
And off to the ball he goes with a grin,
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS—

After nine, as soon as it's late,
Dear little wife for her hubby will wait,
And with a shovel she greets her dear mate
After nine, after nine.

There's the young man you meet who's always dead broke
After nine, after nine;
His money is gone and his watch is in soak
After nine, after nine.
You say to him kindly, "Oh, where have you been?
Come, make me your confidant, what have you seen?"
He answers, "I've played but a game on the green,
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS—

"After nine no money I've got,
My head is aching, I wish I was shot;
The fellow I played with scooped a jack pot,
After nine, after nine."

The tomcat will sing in a voice very clear,
After nine, after nine,
A beautiful song called "Marie, I'm here,"
After nine, after nine.
He stands 'neath your window without fear or dread;
You feel very sleepy, you'd fain go to bed;
You don't get much slumber, but a serenade instead,
After nine, after nine.

CHORUS—

After nine, when the world is at rest,
That is the time that Tom sings the best;
You fire a bootjack, he won't take a rest,
After nine, after nine.

BABE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
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Ever since you went away,
I've worried 'bout you, Baby mine
'Deed I feel so lonely
And for me there's been no rest;
Ev'ry minute, ev'ry hour,
You are with me all the time—
I just can't help thinking
Of the gal I love the best.
Evenings when 'tis all so still,
I sit down in my chair,
And dream that you are near me, love,
Contented to be there.
Oh, how happy I would be
If just your sweet face I could see!
Of all the gals upon the earth,
There's none so dear to me. As—

CHORUS—

Babe, Babe, won't you come back home to me?

I can't do without you.

Did I ever doubt you?

Babe, Babe, if you'll come I'll happy be,

You will always live in joy and luxury.

Oft I pictured in my dreams
My baby coming back to me;
How my heart would thrill with joy
To see the gal I love!
She would find me sadly changed,
Just full of grief and misery,
Grieving for her night and day,
Just for my turtle dove.

But one ev'ning, early, 'deed,
I'll ne'er forget the night,
It seems as if I knew she'd come—
The moon was shining bright,
In the doorway I did see
My baby looking straight 'at me,
And while her arms clung 'round my neck,
I said so lovingly:—etc.

BETTER THAN GOLD

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
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In a Pullman palace smoker
Sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers,
Nothing seemed to trouble them;
When up spoke a handsome fellow,
"Come, let's have a story, boys—
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage,"

Said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true,
We will give friend Bob the first chance,
He's the oldest gathered here."
Then they listened to the wish that's always new.

CHORUS—

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again;
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers,
Not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling
There was no man spoke a word;
For the memories of their childhood days
Had touched their dear kind hearts,
When as children they had played at mother's knee.
Then at last the spell was broken
By another traveling man:
"Your attention for a moment I do crave,
I will tell you of one precious thing,
So dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave.

CHORUS—

"Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just enough to happy be;
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again,
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain;
You may wish for many things, but all in vain—
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor passing through the train
Stopped in the smoking car—
He had grown quite interested
In the stories told so far;
“Please excuse my interruption,
But I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true.
Yet there is a wish that's dearer,
Better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one, perhaps you all will say;
'Tis a longing that is in my heart
Each moment of my life—
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way.

CHORUS—

“Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again;
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife, and home.”

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKEN

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
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Bill Smith was very sickly,
He looked quite thin and pale;
He tried a dozen doctors,
But ev'ry one would fail.
A friend advised a medicine
That he had read about;
Before you take it you are thin,
But afterwards you're stout.

CHORUS—

Before he took it
Bill could not eat a bite,
He never slept a wink at night,
Nor had an appetite;
But after he took it,
With angels he'll awaken,
And now he knows the difference
Before and after taken.

A young man to his dear friend
Said, "Do a favor, Jack,
Just let me have a fiver,
'I'll surely pay it back."
"Of course I will," friend Jack replied,
"Just take a ten, my boy."
The young man took the money, and
His face then beamed with joy.

CHORUS—

Before he took it
He said, "My dear boy Jack,
You've done me such a favor, in
A week I'll pay it back."
But after he took it,
Poor Jack was rudely shaken,
And now he knows the difference
Before and after taken.

A favorite comic opera star,
Whose name is Lillian—
She's famous for her beauty,
And praised by every man;
They say she's had three husbands, and
She's liked them pretty well,
But what became of hubbies dear,
Alas, 'tis hard to tell.

CHORUS—

Before she took them
She thought them very nice;
“I love you,” said sweet Lillian,
“My lot with you I’ll splice.”
But after she took them
They one by one were shaken;
And now they know the difference
Before and after taken.

Some time ago our country
Was in such awful state,
To make the times much better
We need a man that’s great;
We said, “We’ll have a change at once,
Give democrats a chance,
With Grover Cleveland in the chair
Perhaps we will advance.”

CHORUS—

Before we took him
We said, “He is the man
To make our times much better—
No other party can.”
But after we took him
We found we were mistaken;
And now we know the difference
Before and after taken.

I read about a maiden
Who never kissed a man;
She couldn’t see the sense of it,
So the story ran.
One day she went out shopping,
For to buy some pillow slips,
A man grabbed her about the waist.
And kissed her ruby lips.

CHORUS—

Before she took it
She said, "It can't be nice,
I wouldn't kiss a horrid man—
No, not at any price."
But after she took it
She said, "I was mistaken";
And now she knows the difference
Before and after taken.

A banking institution
Once had a good cashier;
'Twas whispered in society
That his accounts were queer.
"Behind in his accounts, you know,"
The bank directors said;
They meant the bank it was behind,
And the cashier was ahead

CHORUS—

Before they took him
Their confidence was great,
He's teacher of a Sunday school,
They say that cashier's straight;
But after they took him,
My, how that bank was shaken!
And now they know the difference
Before and after taken.

A maiden from the country,
Who'd never tasted wine,
She called upon her city friends,
They asked her out to dine;
They had the best of everything
Upon the bill of fare,
They made her drink a glass of Mum—
Now, wasn't that unfair!

CHORUS—

Before she took it
She said she wanted tea—
“It’s what I get at home,” she said,
“It’s good enough for me.”
But after she took it
The tea was then forsaken,
And now she knows the difference
Before and after taken.

COFFEE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
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Rye whiskey and wine
Are beverages fine,
Though some maintain
For old champagne;
Good Culmbacher beer,
Brings many a cheer;
As liquors they
To some may reign.
But a drink I’ll suggest
That’s truly the best—
Admitted by all
On land or sea—
Sweet coffee, you bet,
The best I can get,
Is the only drink in the wide world for me.
Coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee,
Effervescent, stimulating coffee.

CHORUS—

So fill your cups and pass the pot,
Pour in the cream while it’s still hot;
Pass the sugar sweet,
Then it can’t be beat;
Now drink your effervescent, stimulating coffee,
Now fill your fee.

A wee demitasse
Is great in its class,
But large one for mine,
And warm every time;
Pink tea may be fun,
But coffee "A one"
Makes other drinks
Look like a shine;
The bar and buffet
To me are passée;
The grocery store
Ne'er does me a hurt.
While others carouse,
Acquiring a souse,
With my mocha-java mixture sweet I flirt.
Coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee,
Effervescent, stimulating coffee.

CAN HEARTS SO SOON FORGET?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

The thought came to me the day that we parted,
How long will it be e'er again we shall meet?
The days seem so long, so dark, and, oh! so dreary,
So chang'd from the time of our love, once so sweet;
And often I wonder if you still remember
The love we once plighted, or if you regret
The many happy hours that we have passed together.
Ah! tell me, is it true, can hearts so soon forget?

CHORUS—

Can hearts so soon forget
The love so rudely shaken?
Are vows we made, my loved one,
Discarded and forsaken?

Perchance the past's a memory,
Perhaps a vain regret—
Speak, and let me hear your answer,
Can hearts so soon forget?

It may be in years, when time has wrought its changes,
Your love will return to me as of yore,
For time can't remold the heart so pure and tender,
And all will be bright to last evermore.
The token you gave me I will cherish fondly,
The one happy link of a love not to die;
I pray for our meeting each day, and ev'ry hour,
And often my heart in its loneliness will cry.

CINDERELLA, MY FAIRY QUEEN

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

You've often heard the story
Of the little fairy queen,
Cinderella,
Whose carriage was a pumpkin,
And whose sisters were so mean.
Cinderella;
But now I'll tell you of one,
Her equal in this world there's none,
There never was, since time begun,
A girl like Cinderella.

CHORUS—

Cinderella,
She's my fairy queen,
Cinderella,
The vision of my dream,
Cinderella;
I long to tell her
That she will ever be my fairy queen.

Of course, she's not a fairy
Like the one in story books,
Cinderella;
To tell the truth, you'd never know
She was one by her looks,
Cinderella;
No slippers out of cut glass wears she,
Her wings, of course, you cannot see;
She said a king some day I'd be,
For her, my Cinderella.

CAST ASIDE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

She sat alone one moonlit night,
This maiden so young and bright;
Her tears upon a letter fell,
The same old tale, though sad to tell.
"Farewell, farewell!"—these words she read—
"This is the end of all," he said;
"Though sad my heart, I must decide,
For duty's sake, cast you aside."

CHORUS—

"This is the end of our sinning,
Bright though as seemed the beginning;
You long for love that is surer,
Love that to you will be purer;
I hoped you'd always be near me,
That your heart ne'er would grow weary;
Yet you leave mine sad and dreary,
Now that I'm cast aside.

"The hour has come, I know, at last,
And you have thrown aside your mask,
And shown to me the awful sin
My love for you has plunged me in;

But still my love seemed pure and true,
If it was only shared with you,
And though you call another bride,
'Tis hard to feel I'm cast aside."

His wedding day at length drew nigh,
He long'd to say one last good-bye,
And wished once more to see her face,
Now bowed in shame at her disgrace,
He found her, but 'twas lifeless clay,
Her spirit soul had passed away;
A dagger lay close by her side,
The story told, she was cast aside.

CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

All alone within a church an organist did play,
Rehearsing tunes so sacred, new hymns for Christmas day;
But somehow there was sadness, as the music then rang out,
The echoes seemed repeating in a pleading way aloud:
Can you not forgive her, the one you once loved best,
Can you not forget it, and grant her one request?
For before him lay a letter, from her who did repent,
And in melody he told the words of the message she had
sent.

CHORUS—

Can you forgive me, can you forget?
I loved you dearly—yes, I love you yet.
Though I have wronged you, caused you pain untold,
Can you forgive me, and love me as of old?

His head sank on the keyboard, the tears were falling fast,
He thought of wife and baby, a vision of the past;
For she one day had left him, brought disgrace upon his
name,
Destroyed the home he cherished, until repentance came.

Can you not forgive me, a voice rang out so wild—
Can you not have pity upon me and our child?
For at the church door stood his wife, she'd heard the sad
 refrain,
One joyous cry, clasped to his breast, she did not plead in
 vain—etc.

THE COMEDY KING

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Gay and free behold in me a king of great renown,
 With jest and song, I rule the throng;
All my wealth lies in my health, a smile my only crown,
 I make my home where'er I roam, all lands to me belong.

Far and near I bring good cheer alike to young and old,
 I know not care, nor cupboard bare;
Music bright gives me delight, far more than chink of
 gold,
For happy smiles and maiden's wiles are precious jewels
 rare.

Then my command obey,
And sorrow cast away,
Let work come after play,
For night comes after day;
I'll bask beneath the sun,
Till life's short race is run,
In cap and bells I gambol,
For I am the Comedy King!

At life's troubles let us then be laughing and chaffing,
 The world is bright and gay, and ev'ry dog will have his
 day.
So while a glass of good old ale I'm quaffing,
 We'll cry, All hail the Comedy King!

Fill your glass, a toast I'll drink to you:
Here's to wine and eyes of every hue,
Joy untold lies in my magic brew.
At life's troubles let us then be laughing and chaffing,
The world is bright and gay, and ev'ry dog will have his day,
So while a glass of good old ale I'm quaffing, yes, quaffing,
We'll cry, All hail the Comedy King!

BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

While shot and shell were screaming upon the battlefield,
The boys in blue were fighting their noble flag to shield,
Came a cry from their brave captain,
"Look, boys! our flag is down;
Who'll volunteer to save it from disgrace?"
"I will," a young voice shouted,
"I'll bring it back or die!"
Then sprang into the thickest of the fray;
Saved the flag but gave his young life—all for his country's
sake.
They brought him back and softly heard him say:

CHORUS—

"Just break the news to mother,
She knows how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me,
For I'm not coming home;
Just say there is no other
Can take the place of mother;
Then kiss her dear sweet lips for me
And break the news to her."

From afar a noted general had witnessed this brave deed.
"Who saved our flag? Speak up, lads; 'twas noble, brave,
indeed!"
"There he lies, sir," said the captain, "he's sinking very
fast,"

Then slowly turned away to hide a tear.
The general in a moment knelt down beside the boy,
Then gave a cry that touched all hearts that day.
"It's my son, my brave young hero!
I thought you safe at home."
"Forgive me, father, for I ran away."

CREEP, BABY, CREEP

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

See our little baby creeping—
How she tries to cross the floor
When she hears her papa's footsteps,
Knowing he is at the door!
How the little eyes now brighten
As she sees him standing there;
Papa surely now will catch you,
And will kiss your golden hair.
Little hands to him outstretching—
"Papa, come and take your baby girl."
And her rosy lips so catching,
Making papa's fond heart thrill,
With a cry he folds her to him,
Nestles in his arms so close—
Papa's caught you, baby darling;
And it seems the baby knows.

CHORUS—

Creep, baby, creep,
Mama will surely catch you;
Creep, baby, creep,
Mama is near to watch you,
Creep, baby, creep.
Creep to the breast that will love you,
Hold you so tight,
Mama's delight,
Creep to me, baby, now creep!

Now her little eyes are closing;
Baby's tired—gone to sleep,
With a smile upon her sweet face,
Pretty dimples in her cheek.
Dreaming of the coming morrow,
When her little toddling feet
Try to walk to her dear mama
But our pet can only creep.
Dream, my pretty rosebud, dream on!
Sorrow ne'er shall touch your tender heart
While your mama's here to guide you
From the pathways lone and dark;
For you are my only treasure,
Life without you holds no charms.
Wake up, darling, kiss your mama,
Let me hold you in my arms!

DEAR COLLEGE CHUMS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Three college chums they were parting,
Dearest of friends, staunch and true;
They sat within a small tavern—
It was their old rendezvous—
When up spoke Harold, the youngest,
With voice as clear as a bell:
"Come, boys, now don't be downhearted,
Let's give our old college yell."
Then from the throats of those dear chums
Came that old "Rah! Rah! Rah!" call.
"Now, boys, remember our motto:
'All for one and one for all';
If we're alive let us meet here,
Though we should suffer great pain;
Each fifteen years let us surely appear,
And drink to this toast once again.

CHORUS—

“Dear old college chums we will always remain,
Fast friends together through sunshine and rain;
If through misfortune poverty comes,
We’ll cling the closer, dear college chums.”

Fifteen years passed on, so swiftly,
And to that old college town

Two men strolled into the tavern,
In that same room they sat down;

Silently they gazed at each other
While their tears softly did flow;

“Can it be we are the same chums
Who met here so long ago?”

Yet there is one face that’s missing,
One chap who yearned for great fame;

“Don’t speak of Harold in this place—
He forged his dearest friend’s name.”

“Still let us drink to our old chum;
We’ll stand by him just the same;

Fill up the glasses with bright, sparkling wine,
And drink to this toast once again.”

Now comes the end of this story;
Fifteen years more had rolled on;

Poor Harold came from that prison,
An outcast, altered and wan;

A brother’s crime he had shielded,
And suffered all for the blame.

“I’ll tell the truth to my dear chums,
They’ll take my hand once again.”

Back in that same little tavern

There stood three glasses and chairs;
Twelve times the clock pealed the hour—

He sits alone and despairs.

“That proves my chums are not living,”
Slowly he bowed his grey head,

“I’ll fill the glasses and cry, Rah! Rah! Rah!”
He then o’er the table fell dead.

DON'T FORGET TO TELL ME THAT YOU LOVES
ME, HONEY

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I hab a colored sweetheart and her name's Lucindy Jane,
She is de sweetest yaller gal dat lives down in de lane;
 I meets her almost ebery night,
 All dressed so fine, way out ob sight;
 She tells me, too, she lubs no coon but me.
De darkies all am jealous when dey see us passing by,
Dey size us up and say, "Oh my, but ain't dem niggers fly!"
 Yet I don't care what dey all say,
 I lub my lub more ebery day,
And lub to hear her when dese words she says:

CHORUS—

"Don't forget to tell me that you loves me, honey—
 If you do then I'll be true;
Don't forget to tell me that you loves me, sonny—
 If you do, good-bye to you;
Don't forget to tell me when you have no money—
 If you do I won't lub you,
For I loves you, honey, when you gives me all your money—
 If you do, then I'll be true."

Dere may be many a finer gal den 'Cindy dares to be,
But I won't care as long as she is always true to me;
 I'll work and fight and die for her,
 While all de day I'll sigh for her,
 Because she's gone and won my heart away.
De colored fellows in our block all say dey'll cut me out,
Dey try to hug and kiss her, when dey knows I'm not about;
 I'd give all chickens in dis land
 If I could win my 'Cindy's hand,
And just to hear her when dese words she says:—etc.

DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LEARN TO LOVE ME?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

"I would like to ask a question if I only dared,
I would like to kiss and squeeze you, but I am so scared.
Just suppose you chose a lover, must he rich and handsome
be?

Tell me, sweetheart, tell me truly, is there any hope for me?

CHORUS—

"Now do you think you could learn to love me as I do you,
you?

And is there no room in your dear heart for me too, too?

And if you think you could learn to love me, then I'd be
true, so true;

There's nothing in this world I wouldn't do for you, you.

Now, do you?"

Then she murmured, "You surprise me," hung her pretty
head;

"Are you sure you really love me well enough to wed?"

Then he looked into her sweet face, and he said, "Your
heart I'll win,

For no other man shall love you"—then she smiled and said
to him:—etc.

FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A handsome, noble-looking man came walking down the
street,

Beside him strolled a little girl so beautiful and sweet;

Unconscious of the many eyes that lovingly were cast

On the handsome father and his happy child.

From o'er the way there came a lady,
With burning tears that seem'd to blind her eyes
As on the child she gazed.
"Oh! look, papa, there comes mamma," cried the little
innocent—
But the father quickly drew his babe away.

CHORUS—

She has fallen by the wayside,
She has gone beyond recall—
There's no hand outstretched to save her,
Not a friend that she can call;
Every door is closed against her,
Not a soul for her will mourn—
She has fallen by the wayside,
She has gone beyond recall.

Down the street there goes a maiden, dressed with jewels
bright and rare,
But the eyes that shone so brightly, how they tell of woe
and care!
Stops a one-time friend and whispers to her comrade
passing by,
"Look, there's Josie," then they turn away and sigh.
"'Tis but a year since she was with us,
A merry maiden, oh, so happy,
And with true friends by the score;
But she left them for another life,
Her mother's prayers were vain,
In our hearts she's dead to us forevermore."

In a quiet little cottage, standing back among the trees,
Growing ivy twining round the porch, the pathway strewn
with leaves,
Within the cosy parlor gathered round the fireside
Can be seen the saddened family at home.
Press'd close against the cottage window
A tear-stained face is looking straight within

Upon the loved ones all.

"Take me home," the poor child murmurs—

It comes from a breaking heart;

But their Josie, she had gone beyond recall.

FLORENCE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

My thoughts to-night are of you, love,

And tender words we said,

When life seem'd one sweet happy dream,

And you and I were wed;

I know the time has passed and gone,

Your face no more I'll see,

And earth has now no charms, my own,

Since you have gone from me.

CHORUS—

Come back to me, Florence,

As in the days of yore,

When vows we had plighted

To love forevermore;

I wake in my dreams,

And I cry out in vain,

Florence, my loved one,

Come back again!

Come back to me, Florence,

As in the days of yore,

When vows we had plighted

To love forevermore.

I wake in my dreams

And I cry out in vain,

Florence, my loved one,

Come back again!

My love for you shall ever be
As true as stars above,
For mem'ry clings to other days,
When first I called you "Love,"
They tell me to forget the past,
That you will ne'er return.
Ah! well I know their words are true,
Though still my heart will yearn.

FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

You ask me why upon my breast I wear her photograph,
You asked me why my hair has turned to grey;
I was a simple country lad,
She was the village belle,
I worshiped her, my queen, both night and day;
A city stranger wooed and won
My very first and only love—
He won her, just her gentle heart to break;
He left her many years ago,
I found it out by chance,
And I searched for her
For old time's sake.

CHORUS—

For old time's sake I told her that I loved her,
For old time's sake I pressed her to my heart;
For old time's sake I kissed her and caressed her,
And promised her we nevermore would part;
For old time's sake she put her arms around me,
And said, "If but a dream, I would not wake;
I never knew till now how much I love you."
Then I kissed her just for old time's sake.

The story now is at an end,
There's nothing much to say,
Except I asked her if she'd be my wife,
Her tears were softly flowing as
She looked at me and said:
"I'd bring you nothing but a wasted life;
I was a vain and foolish girl,
When I refused your honest love,
It's now too late, no wife for you I'd make;
Just hold me in your arms," she said,
And then she passed away,
And I buried her,
For old time's sake.

HAS ANOTHER WON YOUR HEART?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Once you longed to hear me murmur
Words of sweet, undying love,
Once your faith in me was firmer
Than the bright blue skies above;
Shadows faded 'neath the flashes
Of the lovelight in your eye;
Has the old flame burned to ashes?
If 'tis so, dear, tell me why?

CHORUS—

Has another won your heart?
Has the old-time love passed away?
Must we live our lives apart,
Through a future dark and grey?
May I hope that through this gloom
Some bright ray of light may dart,
Or must darkness be my doom, dear?
Has another won your heart?

There may be one glowing ember
 'Neath those ashes cold and white;
Should it blaze again, remember,
 I will see its crimson light.
It will guide me through all danger,
 It will guide me back to you;
Sweetheart, must we two be strangers—
 We who loved so firm and true?

“HELLO, CENTRAL; GIVE ME HEAVEN”

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Papa, I'm so sad and lonely,
 Sobbed a tearful little child.
Since dear mama's gone to heaven,
 Papa, darling, you've not smiled;
I will speak to her and tell her
 That we want her to come home;
Just you listen and I'll call her
 Through the telephone:

CHORUS—

Hello, Central, give me Heaven,
 For my mama's there;
You can find her with the angels
 On the golden stair;
She'll be glad it's me who's speaking—
 Call her, won't you, please?
For I want to surely tell her
 We're so lonely here.

When the girl received this message,
 Coming o'er the telephone,

How her heart thrilled in that moment,
And the wires seemed to moan!
I will answer just to please her,
Yes, dear heart, I'll soon come home;
Kiss me, mama, kiss your darling,
Through the telephone.

HIS ONLY BOY

*The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In a quiet village lived an old man and his child.
He was bent so old and grey, the boy was young and wild.
All the old man's fondest hopes centered on the lad,
Fortune he had never known, the boy was all he had.

CHORUS—

He was his only boy,
Pride of the old man's heart.
Like companions were those two,
Never seen apart.
One so old, the other young,
He was his pride and joy—
All his love was given to his only boy.

Years ago his mother died and left this lad so fair,
With the loving, tender words, "Of my boy take care."
And the future seemed so bright for his hope and joy,
Every thought and every care was for his precious boy.

Every Summer afternoon an old man, bent and grey,
To a country churchyard wends his weary way;
Places flowers on the grave of his pride and joy—
Fate has parted him at last from his only boy.

HONEY, COME AND SEE ME

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I'se a coon with a good deal of trouble on my mind,
An' I don't know what to do.
Dere's a wench dat's black as black can be,
An' I think she's my hoodoo;
She follows me around from morn till night,
An' I can't keep her away;
She's 'round where I live most ev'ry night,
An' dis is what she'll say:

CHORUS—

I'se in town, Honey,
Come and see me;
I'se in town, Honey,
Come and see me;
My number's forty-four,
I live on de second floor,
An' I'm waitin', Honey, dere for you.

I tries for to shake dat girl mighty hard,
But she won't keep out of sight;
If she don't quit soon I'll be a dead coon,
For I'm almost turnin' white.
She's always seen wherever I is,
For she loves me mighty strong,
An' it drives me wild when dat black child
Keeps shoutin' dis here song.

Sometimes I is so very, very mad
My blood begins to boil,
I tell dat girl she better look out,
Her face I'se gwine to spoil;
But she don't care whatever I say,
She keeps on just the same;
She say, "I loves yer, honey sweet,
An' I wants to change my name."

HONEY, WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A youth and maid strolled through a glade
And passed beneath a tree;
He said, "Dear one, I'll soon be gone,"
And kissed her tenderly.
"Last night, my own, the moonbeams shone,
My fears I thought you'd see;
I asked you then, sweetheart,
If, when I'm gone, you'd think of me.

CHORUS—

"Honey, will you miss me when I'm gone—
Honey, will you love me, love me long?
When far away—
Think day by day;
If you love me don't break the heart you've won."

At last the day arrived when they
Must from each other part;
The sun shone bright, and in its light,
The youth kissed his sweetheart;
"Farewell, my own, when you're alone,
Beneath this shady tree,
Say that you'll miss this tender kiss,
And think always of me."

"HELLO, CENTRAL, HELLO!"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

One bright and pleasant evening,
While sitting all alone,
A message came a-ringing
From o'er the telephone;
I sprang up in a hurry,
And answered back, "Hello!"

When soft and clear a voice so dear
Came o'er the telephone:
"Where were you last night, Harry,
Why don't you keep your date?
You promised you would meet me
Down by the old garden gate,
I think you are a trifler"—
Then came a sob and moan—
"You'd better get another girl,"
Came o'er the telephone.

CHORUS—

"Hello, Central, hello!"
"Hello!" back came the answer to me.
"Hello, Central, hello! Hello!
I wonder who she can be.
I think you're mistaken,
For I'm not the man,
I've a wife and a family,
Though I wish I could hear
That sweet voice so dear
From over the telephone,
From over the telephone."

I stood there in amazement,
I knew not what to say,
A voice like that I'd never heard,
No, not for many a day.
I answered back, "My fair one,
Mistaken you must be,
I've never said I'd meet you, though
Your face I'd like to see."
I waited for an answer,
I had not long to wait.
Another voice then shouted,
"Are you drinking much of late?"

Go sleep it off till morning,
You'll feel better when you're at home.
You've drank enough for twenty men,"
Came over the telephone.

CHORUS—

"Hello, Central, hello!"
"Hello!" back came the answer to me.
"Hello, Central, hello! Hello!
These lines must be cross'd, I see.
A lady was talking a short time ago,
A man says I'm full as can be."
Then came a reply,
"Oh, Harry, I'll die,"
From over the telephone,
From over the telephone.

At last I felt quite worried,
I knew not what to do,
My heart beat for that maiden
Who felt so sad and blue.
To the 'phone again I answered,
I shouted out, "Hello!"
When some one cried,
"I thought I'd die,"
"Will you pay that bill you owe?"
"Why don't you speak to me again—?
Your voice I love to hear;"
When some one else then shouted,
"All right, sir, send down some beer."
"I'll meet you on the corner—
To be sure, I'll be all alone,
Oh! Harry dear, you're acting so queer,"
Came over the telephone.

CHORUS—

"Hello, Central, hello!"
"Hello!" back came the answer to me.

"Hello, Central, Hello! Hello!!

Who's the lady that's talking to me?"

I rang and I shouted, but no one replied.

How oft'n I sob and I moan

When I think of that voice

That made me rejoice

From over the telephone,

From over the telephone.

HUMMING BABY TO SLEEP

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I've a sweet little girl that I love so very dear,

She's the treasure and the sunshine of our home;

She will watch by the window, and strain her pretty eyes,

When she knows its time her papa dear will come.

How she clasps her chubby little hands, and screams out
with delight,

"Look, mama! I see papa coming home—coming home!"

Then she scrambles to the doorway, with little arms out-
stretched,

And I clasp her to my heart so tenderly.

Oh, you little rascal, you!

Papa's fairy queen—Ah!

CHORUS—

Hush, baby girl,

Hush, while I hum to you—

Hush, while I hum to you—

Hush, little pearl,

Papa will sing to you.

Close your bright eyes—

Here comes the bogie man—

And if you're awake,

My baby he'll take,

While papa is humming to you.

When our clock strikes out nine, then I take my baby mine,
And I carry her up to her tiny bed;
And she'll hold my neck so tight, as with all' her tender
might,

And she smiles as I caress her golden head.
She will close her tender dark blue eyes, as though she's
fast asleep,

And then I softly steal toward the door.

In quick surprise, her watchful eyes are opened, oh, so wide—
"Oh, dear papa, hum your baby girl to sleep."

Ah, you little rascal, you!

You've been fooling me—Ah!

I'VE JUST COME BACK TO SAY GOOD-BYE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A loving husband held his wife close to his throbbing heart,
And said, "Be brave, my darling, for I know 'tis hard to
part;

I leave with you my dearest friend, who'll watch o'er babe
and you."

Then gently kissing her good-bye, said, "Tom, old friend,
be true."

Their strong hands met in one firm clasp, then Jim walked
down the lane,

But stopped a moment and turned back to kiss his wife
again;

He found them both in close embrace, Nell's head on Tom's
breast lay;

He gave one agonizing cry, and sobbingly did say:

CHORUS—

"I've just come back to say good-bye and press you to my
heart—

To tell you how I love you once again before we part;

I only want to hear your voice and gaze into your eye—

I've just come back to kiss your lips and then to say
good-bye."

'Twas in a miner's cabin in the lone hills far away,
A miner sat one evening—it was Jim, his hair turned gray;
His heart calls out for his dear wife, he softly breathes her
name:

"I wonder do they think of me, together in their shame."
A man stops at his open door, his lips so parched and dry:
"I've found you, Jim, I've done no sin; old friend, I'm
going to die;

Your wife is true, I swear to you by yonder star's bright
ray;

I only wiped her tears away when you came back to
say:"—Etc.

I'VE BEEN FAITHFUL TO YOU

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

"Why do you turn from me, darling,
Why all this coldness to-day?
Is it a fault that I love you?
Is it a sin, can you say?
Tell me the truth ere you leave me—
You love another, 'tis true,
And you believe I've deceived you,
When I've been faithful to you.

CHORUS—

"Love, I've been faithful to you,
I've loved you tender and true;
Though you regret
That we have met,
It has not always been so.
You say that I have been false,
And that I've broken my vow;
Look in my eyes, dear,
Read and you'll find there
That I've been faithful to you.

"You told me once that you loved me,
And held me close to your heart;
You said we'd stand at the altar,
And vowed we never would part.
You'll take a bride to your bosom,
Love her and cherish her, too;
Have I deserved this, oh, tell me,
When I've been faithful to you?"

And so one dark night he found her,
But 'twas her beautiful clay;
Lifeless and pallid as marble,
Her spirit had passed away.
Tightly she held a small paper,
Close to her white breast so true,
Just one sad line she had written—
"Love, I've been faithful to you."

I LOVE HER JUST THE SAME

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Within an humble cottage sits a broken-hearted man,
His little girl is sobbing on his knee;
A letter on the table tells the same old, plaintive tale,
She's left her home with all its poverty.
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tearful face:
"Perhaps, my child, your mother's not to blame;
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones are forsaken—
Don't cry, my dear, I love her just the same.

CHORUS—

"I love her, yes, I love her, just the same,
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name;
Though she's gone with another,
She's still my baby's mother,
And I love her, yes, I love her, just the same."

The music's softly playing in a ballroom, oh! so grand,
The lights are flashing on the dancers fair;
There's no thought of the morrow in that gay and giddy
crowd,

Whose heartless laughter rings upon the air.
Yet there is one amid the throng who once was pure and
true,

But now whose pallid face speaks of her shame;
She's thinking of her loved ones, of baby, home and hus-
band—

Will he forgive and love her just the same?

The father and his little girl came to that city grand,
They searched for many days, but all in vain;
They're looking for a loved one whom they never can forget,
To bring her back to home and friends again.
They hear a scream, what can it mean?—the child cries out,
"Mama!"

His wife is kneeling at his feet in shame;
She cries, "Oh, John, forgive me! I know that I've been
guilty;

For baby's sake, please take me home again."

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A merry gathering all on a train—
Laughing and joking, no thought of pain—
All bent on pleasure, they gave no care
To one poor soul who sat so silent there.
Close in his arms, a child very young,
Crying for mama—why don't she come?
Do call its mother—where can she be?
"Dead, in the car, sir, and left babe with me."

CHORUS—

Is life worth living, then tell me, after all,
When one you loved so well has gone beyond recall?

Lips are forever closed, silent now is she—
Is life worth living, after all?

A loving father walking all alone—
Smiling and happy, he's going home—
Longs for his dear wife and baby boy—
He has been gone just a year from his joy.
Home he approaches—what can this mean?
Closed are the blinds and no light is seen.
Oh! can it be there's crape on the door?
Father cries out, "My dear boy is no more!"

CHORUS—

Is life worth living then, tell me, after all,
When little ones we loved have gone beyond recall?
When baby's voice is hushed, and its eyes are closed,
Is life worth living, after all?

Love is so bitter, often is pain—
Many true hearts are broken in twain;
She was so constant, glad by his side—
'Twas the old story, she would be his bride.
His vows were broken, he sailed away;
She longed to see him, prayed night and day;
Her prayers unanswered, all was in vain,
And with her secret she cried out in pain—

CHORUS—

Is life worth living then, tell me, after all—
When hearts that once were true are faithless after all?
When vows are broken and you are left to mourn,
Is life worth living, after all?

Two loving brothers so staunch and true,
Both were brave soldiers, and wore the blue.
When trumpets called, to war both did go,
Fighting for country, to vanquish the foe.

One day, in fighting, poor John fell dead,
Lying there cold, and Bill raised his head—
“Speak to me, brother, one word, oh, say—”
No word was spoken, for John passed away.

CHORUS—

Is life worth living then, tell me, after all,
When brother whom we loved must for his country fall?
No more in battle he'll hear the trumpet call—
Is life worth living, after all?

I LOVE YOU, IN SPITE OF ALL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Down by a shady brook
By a swift running stream,
Sat a maid and her lover,
Both happy as a dream;
All nature seemed at rest
As the birds sang their lay.
He told her that he loved her,
Called her his queen of May—
Neither in their trysting
Saw a maiden fall—
A girl who also loved him,
Loved him best of all.

CHORUS—

“I love you best of all
Better than all this world.”
Those were the words were spoken,
Those were the words she heard.
“With your dear arms about me,
I care not what befalls;
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me,
I love you best of all.”

She wandered from her home,
This maiden all forlorn;

In her heart kept the secret
Of a love left unborn.
She came upon these lovers,
Unconscious of her woe,
And heard him say, "I love you,"
Just as she turned to go.
She would keep her secret,
Which no time could call;
Her heart was almost breaking,
She loved, in spite of all

Long, weary days have passed
To the sweet little maid,
Who has had many suitors,
But to all she says nay,
No one else will she wed;
She knows her heart is gone
To one who will never love her—
He weds to-morrow morn.
Seated in the arbor,
His words she now recalls,
Yet in her heart she loves him,
Loves him in spite of all.

I WAS TALKING IN MY SLEEP

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Sitting in a cozy arm chair
I was dreaming of the past,
And was glancing at the blue smoke
From my cigar going fast.
Soft I heard a bell a-ringing,
And with loud voice cried, "Come in!"
Lo! the door was slowly opened,
And a ragged man stepped in.

He with sad voice told a story,
How he lost his babe and wife—
Begged of me a little money
To sustain the breath of life.
I gave him a thousand dollars,
Which I told him he could keep.
Boys, I tell you I was generous—
I was talking in my sleep.

CHORUS—

I was talking in my sleep,
In a voice quite loud and deep.
Many strange things often happen
While we're talking in our sleep.

'Twas the next night, I remember,
That I called on Maggie dear,
And I told her how I loved her,
In a voice so loud and clear;
And I showed to her a bankbook
With a balance there quite large;
Then she murmured, "How I love you!
You're my darling, loving George."
I then led her to a corner
Where there stood a mansion grand—
"This is where we'll live forever,
Like the finest in the land."
When I showed her all those grand things,
My dear girl began to weep—
"Take the earth, my love, please take it—"
I was talking in my sleep.

Strolling out the other evening,
I did meet my old friend Joe;
Ah! what times we had together
Not so very long ago.
And he said, "Don't you remember,
At the ball the other night,

How you mashed that pretty fairy?—
 'Twas a case of love at sight."
 I can see you just as plainly
 As you kissed and squeezed her too;
 And you vowed you'd always love her—
 By the stars, you would prove true."
 At that moment some one struck me—
 'Twas my darling wife so sweet,
 She was listening to the story—
 I was talking in my sleep.

I WONDER IF SHE'S THINKING OF ME?

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

The watch of the sentry is lone and drear,
 I guard my post through the night without fear;
 No one to cheer me but the stars o'erhead,
 A stone for my pillow, the ground—my bed;
 Strong is my arm and keen is my eye,
 Tho' long be the night, tho' the foe is nigh;
 While soft sleep my comrades, with dreams of home,
 To scenes far away my thoughts fondly roam.

CHORUS—

I can see an humble cottage close beside a running brook,
 Where a fair-haired boy sits reading to his mother, from a
 book;
 On her sad, pale cheek a tear in my fancy I can see,
 And I wonder if she's thinking, if she's thinking now of me.

Dark grows the night, and the silence so drear
 Foretells that the last grim struggle is near;
 My faithful chum sleeps there on his gun,
 I'll see him thro' till the battle is done;
 He saved my life one dark, stormy night—
 I slept on post after a hard day's fight;

Playmates and comrades, when the battle is won,
Homeward we'll turn, for our duty is done.

[After 2d verse only.]

In the dark the savage foeman
Stole around him as he slept;
From sleep aroused he sprang to face them,
Nearer still they softly crept.
"Who goes there?" rings out the challenge
On the night air sharp and clear.
"Comrades, quick! your country calls you—
Let us face them without fear." [Shooting.]

On the ground, with life blood ebbing,
Lies the sentry, soon to die;
"I slept on post," he hoarsely murmured,
As the tears start to his eye;
"I'm going to the last roll call,
We'll meet there by and by;"
And as his dim eyes close in death,
His comrades hear him sigh:—Etc.

IT'S A LONG TIME COMING!

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A young man met a maiden in the merry month of May,
And to her these words did say,
"I am feeling rather gay,
Just meet me at the restaurant at two P. M. to-day,
And we'll crack a bottle of Mum's Extra Dry."
The maiden promised faithfully she surely would be there,
She would meet him anywhere, she really did not care.
At two P. M. a young man sat, his heart was filled with pain,
He sat alone and warbled this refrain:

"She's a long time coming, a long time coming,
She has not got here yet, and this is what I get,
A long time coming, this dark-eyed little pet."
And if I'm not mistaken he is waiting yet.

A man went in a restaurant as hungry as could be,
And he called for steak and tea and a glass of good whiskey.
"Just hurry up my order for I have no time," said he,
"For I want to catch the train that's going South."
"We'll serve you in a minute, sir," the waiter then replied,
"Would you like potatoes fried; we serve them on the
side."

They told him to be patient, and he'd surely catch the train.
He waited there and warbled this refrain:

"It's a long time coming, a long time coming,
The train is pulling out, the one that's going South."
He waited for his order, it made him swear and sweat,
And if I'm not mistaken he is waiting yet.

A traveling man once told a girl to meet him Saturday,
He would marry her that day and they'd both go far away;
For he loved her to distraction, and if the word she'd say,
Two hearts would then be happy evermore.
Now this traveling man to one and all was known as quite
a sport,

And his finances were short, he was the proper sort,
So he borrowed from his loved one until they'd meet again.
One day the maiden warbled this refrain:

"He's a long time coming, a long time coming,
He hasn't got here yet, and this is what I get."
He borrowed all her money, and left his little pet,
And if I'm not mistaken she is waiting yet.

In New York lived a family that had a precious son,
He was the only one, the boy was full of fun,
He liked to blow his money too, and see the horses run;
He would bet at races every blessed day.
One day he went out West, I'm told, his fortune he would
seek,

For his pocketbook was weak and the poor chap looked so
meek,
Flat broke was he; he wired home, "Send money by first
train."

For days the poor boy warbled this refrain:

“It’s a long time coming, a long time coming,
They haven’t answered yet, no money will I get.”
He’s living on free lunches, and never makes a bet,
And if I’m not mistaken he is waiting yet.

Ten men went in a beer saloon the other night at eight,
It wasn’t very late, they were in a sober state,
They drank until the clock struck three, quite loaded then
were they,

They argued until at last they had a fight.

The barkeeper then shouted, “This fight has got to stop,
Or I will call a cop, the floor with you he’ll mop.”

The gang then hit him in the eye; he called, “Police,” in
vain,

That poor barkeeper warbled this refrain:

“He’s a long time coming, a long time coming,
No cop has got here yet, and this is what I get,”
A long time coming, his eye was black as jet,
And if I’m not mistaken he is waiting yet.

A jay once strolled along the street, he came from Kan-
kakee,

The sights he longed to see, and he said, “They can’t fool
me,

I’ve heard about them sharpers that yer meet in this city,
I ain’t going to talk to strangers here.”

A man came up and shook his hand, said, “Green, how do
you do,

You’re looking rather blue, let’s have a drink or two,
I’ll show you ’round the town,” said he, “and bring you
back again.”

That day the poor jay warbled this refrain:

“He’s a long time coming, a long time coming,
He said he’d come again, would meet me at the train.
He left me with a satchel, said money he would get.”
That poor jay bought the green goods and he’s waiting
yet.

Now Grover Cleveland is a man that's often sung about,
Because he's rather stout, the biggest man that's out.
'Twas telegraphed not long ago, through East, North, West,
and South,

He was the papa of another girl.
Of course we all imagine, too, how happy he must be,
His heart was filled with glee, because he now has three.
They tell me confidentially, a son he wished, 'tis plain.
Now Grover often warbles this refrain:

"He's a long time coming, a long time coming,
He hasn't got here yet, three girls is what I get."
A long time coming, he'd like a boy you bet,
And if I'm not mistaken he is waiting yet.

I heard about a young man once, who married just for cash,
So he could cut a dash, and sometimes make a mash.
The woman that he married was no beauty I am told,
And old enough to be his grandmama.
The strangest thing about it is, no money could he get;
His wife said, "No, my pet, you can't have money yet,
When I am gone the cash is yours; now do not give me pain."
That young man often warbles this refrain:

"It's a long time coming, a long time coming,
She's healthy as can be, it's very plain to see,"
A long time coming, the cash he cannot get,
And if I'm not mistaken he is waiting yet.

I WONDER, I WONDER

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

She sat by the window, one bright pleasant morn,
Reading a letter from him,
Her eyes shone like diamonds, she never glanc'd up
From the contents so pleasing to her.
'Twas the same old, old story of love so divine,
Of how he did miss her, and how he did pine.
With her heart in her eyes, as she reads and she sighs,
Does he mean it, I wonder, I wonder?

CHORUS—

You're my darling, my treasure, my sweetheart, my girl,
How I long to be with you, my own precious pearl,
To my heart I would press thee, and kiss thy sweet lips;
But does he mean it, I wonder, I wonder?

She must answer his letter; at once she replies,
He must not be kept in suspense.
She quickly brings forth her paper and pen,
Then writes of her love so intense:
My love, I'm so lonely, if you were but nigh,
My heart for thee's pining; come to me, she cries.
'Tis her letter he's reading, and he says with a sigh,
Does she mean it, I wonder, I wonder?

I HEARD HER VOICE AGAIN

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I heard her voice again last night,
Thrilling my heart all o'er,
I heard the same familiar songs
That we both sung before;
She never knew that I was near,
Listening to the strains
Of the old tunes of bygone days,
With their pleasures and their pains.
What would she say if she but knew?
Would her dear heart rejoice?
Were the thoughts flashed through my mind last
night,
When again I heard her voice,
When again I heard her voice.

CHORUS—

Softly, gently, as in the days of yore,
It made my heart rejoice,
And life to me was bright, and oh, so fair,
When again I heard her voice.

I heard her voice again last night,
Seeming as young to me
As the day she left for another love;
Alas, her heart was not for me.
A husband's love shields from all harm
The love I thought so true;
I wonder does she sometimes think
Of one who loved her too?
Those days of old bring mem'ries back
Of hearts that did rejoice,
And all the world seemed bright and fair
When again I heard her voice,
When again I heard her voice.

I USED TO KNOW HER YEARS AGO

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A farmer from a little village,
Came to see a city friend;
And arm in arm they strolled together,
Just a pleasant day to spend.
A woman passed, so pale and care-worn;
One look she gave, then fled,
But in that look the farmer knew her.
Turning to his friend he said:

CHORUS—

I used to know her years ago,
When she was young and pure,
She used to be my sweetheart—then,
So loving and demure,
She was so happy, bright and gay,
Was singing all the day;
I can't believe she's fallen so,
For I used to know her years ago.

His city friend looked with amazement
At the farmer's face so white.

"Don't be surprised, but I must tell you,
That same girl was once my wife;
'Twas I who brought her to the city,
She seemed so good and true.
She nearly ruined my life—then left me.
So she was your sweetheart, too?"

I'VE FOUND YOU, HONEY, FOUND YOU,
NOW BE MINE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Although we met but yesterday, your face familiar seems,
For every feature many times I've pictured in my dreams;
When but a boy, each shady pool would mirror-like display
Your pretty face and golden hair, fair as the May;
And when I had to manhood grown,
My eyes would shape afar
Your very form and dimpled face,
In ev'ry twinkling star. My soul awakened when you came,
And all earth seemed to say,
"You're greeting your affinity,"
When we met yesterday.

CHORUS—

I've found you, honey, found you, now be mine,
I need but you to make my life divine,
I long to softly press you, to fondle and caress you.
Oh! tell me, dear, my love you'll not decline.
I've found you, honey, found you, now be mine;
Say but the word, my very life is thine.
Say yes, and end my pleading;
You're just the one I'm needing.
I've found you, honey, found you, now be mine.

I waited all these years for you, your spirit gave me cheer,
My star of hope your dear face was when life seemed sad
and drear,

And now that I have touched your hand, one look from you
alone

But prompted me these words to speak: "Be my own."

The sun shines brighter since you came,

The birds sing sweeter too.

The whole world loves a lover dear,

That is, when loved by you; your eyes say "Yes," and still
you wait.

My heart you've won for aye,

A fair exchange is surely fair,

So give me yours to-day.

I'VE A LONGING IN MY HEART FOR YOU, LOUISE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise,

And I wonder if you always think of me,

For your sweet face haunts me ever, dear Louise,

And in my dreams I kiss your sweet lips tenderly;

I seem to hear the old church chimes,

As in the by-gone days;

I seem to hear the whippo'will's sad lay,

And it brings me back to you, my dear Louise,

And the gentle waving cornfields far away.

CHORUS—

I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise,

And for the dear old sunny Southern home;

I can scent the honeysuckle and the fragrant jessamine,

I've a longing in my heart for you.

Birds are singing 'round the dear old Southern home,

And a dark-haired maiden sits beneath a tree,

Thinking of her true love, many miles away,

And she's wondering if he'll ever constant be,

When soft upon the summer breeze

She hears her name, Louise.

It thrills her heart that beats for him alone.

Then he takes her in his arms so eagerly,

And he says, "I've come to claim you as my own."

IN SWELL SOCIETY

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

One object in life we think sweet,

And one we find hardest to stem,

Is to mingle amongst the elite

And to reign in society's realm.

Oh, the joys of the five o'clock tea,

At the home of Four Hundred's fair queen,

Where select and correct you must be,

If with blue blood you long to be seen.

CHORUS—

In swell society,

In swell society,

Where joy reigns supreme

Midst humanity's cream,

With laughter and song,

Ring forever and long.

In swell society,

In swell society,

Some fortunes are spent,

To gain an ascent

In swell society.

Our forefathers long years ago,

Created this democracy,

And fought the monarchical foe,

Till they drove him back over the sea;

But the trend of to-day's upper set

Is to worship at royalty's shrine,

And corral the bankrupt coronet

For a check poor papa has to sign.

IF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS HADN'T SAILED

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In fourteen ninety-two a man left Spain and sailed away.

And Christopher Columbus was his name;

He landed over here on that ever-talked-of day,

He started some things that have caused us pain.

There'd never have been any politics, or graft, or fakes
galore,

To bunco us, tho' some of them have failed;

There'd be no Ping Pong Morgan to combine both sea and
shore,

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed.

CHORUS—

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed—

And Isabella almost pawned her throne—

This land of split opinions would be ruled by big Sioux
Indians,

And the many kicks now coming be unknown.

But the interesting things in history

Must now to Christy's credit all be nailed;

For the beef trust that now daunt us

Would belong to Pocahauntus,

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed.

Just think of all the times that wouldn't happen if old Chris

Had been denied those pretty little ships,

We'd have no Madam Yale or Lydia Pinkham girls to kiss;

We know 'tis true—we've had it from their lips.

Imagine tightless sausages, and slowless messenger boys;

There'd be no plotless operas any more;

We'd have no padless chorus girls nor other kindred joys,

No beefless meat from milkless cows galore.

CHORUS—

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed—

And Isabella almost pawned her throne—

This land of split opinions would be ruled by big Sioux
Indians,

And the many kicks now coming be unknown.
But the interesting things in history
Must now to Christy's credit all be nailed;
We'd cure bunions with an onion,
And not hope with Doctor Munyon,
If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed.

Why didn't Chris stick to the organ grinder there in
Spain,

And serenade the natives with his monk,
With classics such as "Home Sweet Home" and good old
"After the Ball"?

Perhaps he wanted to, but lacked the spunk.
Now Alphonse and Gaston would not have bowed them-
selves to fame,

And Happy Hooligan'd be doing time.
Presenting libraries would not be Andy Carnegie's game,
John Philip Sousa's book would cost a dime.

CHORUS—

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed—
And Isabella almost pawned her throne—
This land of split opinions would be ruled by big Sioux
Indians,

And the many kicks now coming be unknown.
But the interesting things in history
Must now to Christy's credit all be nailed,
The American wouldn't caper,
Giving free paints with each paper,
If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed.

The operatic favorites wouldn't come here every year,
With "Trovatore" and "Rusticana" too,
Would not be scrapping for the fame that costs the public
dear;
Instead they'd have to rush the can a few.

The sons of sunny Italy, with blue blood in their veins,
Would not have come here to adopt our flag,
And enter fields of industry as venders of "banann,"
Nor would we hear "roast peanuts five a bag."

CHORUS—

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed—
And Isabella almost pawned her throne—
This land of split opinions would be ruled by big Sioux
Indians,
And the many kicks now coming be unknown.
But the interesting things in history
Must now to Christy's credit all be nailed,
We wouldn't slip so easy
On banana peels so greasy,
If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed.

Why didn't Chris keep busy with his macaroni stews,
Instead of raising deuce there with the queen;
Kind Russell Sage would now be throwing money to the
dogs,
Count Castellane would marry Hetty Green;
There'd be no emissary sent from the United States
To Edward's coronation in knee pants;
The women filling Mormon harems in the good Utah State
With burlesque shows would do the cochee dance.

CHORUS—

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed—
And Isabella almost pawned her throne—
This land of split opinions might be ruled by big Sioux
Indians,
And the many kicks now coming be unknown.
But the interesting things in history
Must now to Christy's credit all be nailed;
The Cup he's often slipped on
Would be won by Thomas Lipton,
If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed.

The celebrated actors now performing on the stage
Would not be quite so prominent in print;
King Mansfield would stop smashing waiters in the swell
hotels;
To cease her milk baths "Held" would take a hint;
De Reske'd be in vaudeville, while old Sir Henry, too,
Would do a song and dance well in a pinch;
The Cherry Sisters to play Sapho soon could be induced;
Dan Daly would play Hamlet, "that's a cinch."

CHORUS—

If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed—
And Isabella almost pawned her throne—
This land of split opinions would be ruled by big Sioux
Indians,
And the many kicks now coming be unknown.
But the interesting things in history
Must now to Christy's credit all be nailed;
The song queen, Lillian Russell,
With her husbands wouldn't tussle,
If Christopher Columbus hadn't sailed.

IN DEAR OLD FAIRYLAND

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A young man sat one ev'ning near a fire in the grate,
While gazing at the embers, he gently falls asleep,
He dreams of home and mother, and when he was a boy;
With little Mary by his side, those days were full of joy,
They built a little sand-house down by the river side,
And Jack said: "Some day, Mary,
You'll be my little bride."
She looked at him so sweetly, then shyly took his hand,
"Stay with me always, won't you, Jack,
In dear old fairyland?"

CHORUS—

Across the bay, the silvery moon-beams
In their glorious splendor shone,
And the scent of apple blossoms, on soft, balmy breezes
blown,
Make my thoughts so fondly linger to that far and distant strand,
Where I long to be with Mary, back in dear old fairyland.

The roses they are blooming around the cottage home,
Where winsome bonny Mary sits dreaming all alone;
She's thinking of her lover, her little playmate Jack,
Who left her one day with a kiss, and promised to come back.
She hears an old forgotten strain, which came from o'er the breeze,
Its tune is so familiar,
It brings back childhood days,
Then two strong arms enfold her, she hears the same command,
"Come kiss me darling, for I'm back
In dear old fairyland."

I'M WEARING MY HEART AWAY FOR YOU

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I wonder where you are to-night, my love,
As all alone I sit and dream;
I wonder if your heart's with me to-night,
And if the same stars for you gleam.
I sometimes fear there is another, love,
Some fairer face has won your heart;
But ah, I hope the day will never come,
The day that we two must live apart.

CHORUS—

I'm wearing my heart away for you,
It cries aloud, "My love be true."
I dream of you by night,
I long for you by day,
I'm wearing my heart away for you.

The bees are droning in the wild wood, love,
The flowers their tiny heads bow low,
The birds are singing soft and plaintively,
They miss your dear kind face, I know.
From o'er the meadow comes a faint perfume,
It whispers gently, "Love, you're true;"
But oh, my darling, if you only knew,
I'm wearing my heart away for you.

IN THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WAY

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In a quaint old-fashioned homestead,
While the snow falls fast,
Sits a dear, old loving couple,
Dreaming of the past.
Tenderly does he caress her,
As he used to do,
And he says, "You're still my sweetheart,
Loving, kind and true."
By the fireside they linger,
And she hears him say,
"Though we're growing old, I love you
More and more each day,
Love you, in the good old-fashioned way."

CHORUS—

For I love you, oh, I love you,
In the good old-fashioned way,
With all a heart's devotion,
For ever and for aye,

For my love for you grew deeper,
When your golden hair turned gray,
And I'll love you, always love you,
In the good old-fashioned way.

"And how well do I remember
Days of long ago,
To the little village school-house,
You and I would go,
I can see the roses blooming,
Round your home and mine,
And the fragrant fields of clover,
In that Southern clime.
Fifty years have passed, my darling,
Since that night in May,
When I told you that I loved you—
As I do to-day,
Love you, in the good old-fashioned way."

JACK AND RUTH

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

He was a bright little youth,
She was a shy little Ruth;
This gay young lover,
He thought no other was like his Ruth.
Down on the sand they would play,
That grown-up lovers were they,
He would entreat
His girl so sweet,
To name the day.
But when the youth grew to manhood,
He left the village one day,
With Ned, a younger companion,
To some strange country away.
Ruth still was faithful and true,
As she to womanhood grew,

Ever she'd yearn,
For his return,
To his Ruth.

CHORUS—

Love, I miss you, sweetheart, I love you so dearly,
All in vain I ask you to come back;
I regret that you are not beside me.
Jack loved Ruth, and Ruth loved Jack.

Fortune had smiled on the youth,
Ever he labored for Ruth;
In lands bleak and cold,
He had found gold for his sweetheart Ruth.
Jack with his wealth started home,
To build a nest of his own,
Vowing that when
With her again,
No more he'd roam.
When he returned to the village,
He found her dying that day.
His heart was broken with sorrow,
In his arms she passed away.
Amid sweet flowers caressed,
His sweetheart was laid to rest.
Most ev'ry day,
Posies he'd lay,
O'er his Ruth.

"JUST NEXT DOOR"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Close beside a grand old mansion,
Stands a cottage by the lane,
On the porch a child is sitting,
On her face a look of pain;
Just next door is a party
Of rich children, dressed so fine;

They are playing games and singing,
Joyously they pass the time!
No one thinks of one poor baby,
Looking on so wistfully,
Hoping they will come and ask her,
If she won't come out and play;
But the girls they will not have her,
Just because they say she's poor,
And our mamas will not let us
Play with children just next door.

CHORUS—

Just next door 'tis dark and lonely,
Just next door they stay away;
Just next door a baby's crying,
For some one to come and play.
Just next door 'tis cold and cheerless,
There's no carpet on the floor,
And a little heart is breaking,
In the cottage, just next door.

Little birds are sweetly singing,
'Round the cottage home next day,
And the children, they are laughing,
On their way to school so gay;
But one little heart is weary,
Lying in a room so drear,
Stretching up her arms to Heaven,
Crying out for papa dear!
There's a knock, the door is opened,
Children gather in the room,
Here's some flowers we have brought you,
Just inhale their sweet perfume;
But her sad face does not brighten,
Just too late they came to play,
Baby has gone with the angels,
Up in Heaven there to stay.

CHORUS—

Just next door 'tis dark and dreary,
Since the angels came one day;
Took the little babe to Heaven,
Where forever she will play.
Just next door the children gather,
Peep into the room once more,
Where they see a mother crying,
In the cottage, just next door.

JUST BEHIND THE TIMES

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A party of young village people, gathered in their little church,

A meeting of importance there to hold;

They then decided that their minister, although they loved him well,

He must resign, for he was growing old.

They sent to him this message; he read it through and through,

While burning tears fell on the cruel lines;

For it was written in that message that his sermons were too dry,

It also read, "You're just behind the times."

CHORUS—

Behind the times so they told him;

He's just behind the times,

His voice has lost its sweetness, like bells that no more chime,

He cannot hold their attention;

He falters o'er his lines,

His power has gone, though few will mourn; for he's just behind the times.

On Sunday morn the church was crowded; for 'twas rumored 'round the town,

A younger minister was going to preach;
And in that same old dusty pulpit where the old man
reigned for years,

Another man had come his flock to teach;
He spoke of love and politics; he spoke of fashion too,
Of sights he'd seen in many different climes.
The old man sat alone and listened; then he sadly shook his
head,

"I guess they're right, I am behind the times."

And so at last the sermon ended; and the old man slowly
rose,

"Just let me say a few words ere you go;"
Then slowly up the aisle he staggered to his pulpit as of
yore,

With trembling limbs and face as white as snow:
"I've buried all your loved ones; I've wept beside their
graves;

I've shared your joys and sorrows many times."
Just then he gave a start for his poor heart had broken from
its pain;

His last words were, "I am behind the times."

"JUST A SMALL ROOM, BUT IT'S HOME"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

At night when the stars bright are shining,
And the moon throws a light in my room,
Although it's upstairs in an attic,
I never can get there too soon.
I've lived there since mother departed,
And oft when I'm sitting alone,
I know I'm contented and happy
In just a small room, but it's home.

CHORUS—

There's no fresco paintings where I live,
Yet when my day's toil is o'er

I know that there's comfort awaiting,
As I climb the stairs to the top floor.
There's an old-fashioned bed mother left me,
Some trinkets that I prize alone.
There's none there but me,
Yet contented I'll be
In just a small room, but it's home.

There's an arm chair that stands in the corner,
A picture that hangs on the wall,
It's that of my own darling mother,
This I love better than all.
And oft as I gaze on the dear face
Of her that is now past and gone,
I know that my prayers have been answered
In just a small room, but it's home.

"JUST TELL HER THAT I LOVED HER, TOO"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A maiden fair with golden hair stands by the garden gate,
She's waiting for the man she loves and prays he'll not be late;

But soon he comes and brings his chum, so both may say
good-bye,

For to the war these two must go, to save their flag or die.
She throws her arms around his neck and says: "I'll wait
for you,

Yes, even though I'm old and gray, to you I will be true."
His friend stands by with aching heart, he loves this same
sweet Ruth,

And when they left her home that night, he told his friend
the truth:

CHORUS—

"Just tell her that I loved her too, far dearer than my life,
Just say to her, I thought some day, she'd be my darling
wife;

Just tell her that I love her still, but that she never knew,
So when you kiss her lips, dear friend, just say I loved her,
too."

The sentry walks upon his guard, the moon shone bright
and clear,

He's thinking of his friends at home and of his love so dear;
His faithful chum sleeps on his gun and dreams of his sweet-
heart,

He knows the girl he loves, loves him, with all her gentle
heart.

A sound is heard, the sentry starts and cries out: "Who goes
there?"

The challenge rings so loud and clear, upon the midnight
air;

A shot is heard, the sentry falls, "Avenge my death," he
cries.

And while the tears course down his cheek, his comrade
hears him sigh.

JUST YOU AND I

WALTZ SONG.

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Long ago in life's sweet May,

We wandered, you and I,

Hand in hand at close of day,

Your face half turned and shy.

I told the story, old yet new,

Of love that should not fade,

And in the sunset's golden hue,

You listened while I said:

CHORUS—

Just you and I, no one else nigh,

Darling, so dear and true,

Come joy or tears, through the long years

I shall love only you.

For your sweet sake, courage I'll take,
All man may dare, I'll do;
No fate I fear
While you are near,
I know I love but you.
No fate I fear, while you are near,
I know I love but you.

Time has flown, but hand in hand,
We've climbed the hill of life,
At the downward turn we stand
Just you and I, dear wife.
Winter is in our silvered hair,
But in our hearts still May,
And through all sorrows, grief and care,
Still I can fondly say:

JUST ONE KISS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Good-bye, darling, good-bye, dear,
I'm going far away,
Out into the wide wide world, so do not bid me stay;
But I will return to you with gold and diamonds, too,
And I'll lay them at your feet, so give me ere I go:

CHORUS—

Just one kiss, darling, and then good-bye,
Just one kiss, sweetheart,
Just you and I.
Place your dear arms about me, and don't you cry,
Just one kiss: oh, my darling, and then good-bye.

Will you always think of me and will your heart be true,
Will you welcome me and say: "I will love none but you"?
And if your love has not changed, then to the church we'll
go,
Where I'll make you my sweet wife: So give me ere I go:

JUST 'CAUSE I LOVES DAT TUNE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

For no gal dis coon am pining,
While de stars above am shining;
For no Mandy, Sue or Pliny do I care—
And ma heart am not a breakin'
For no goo-goo eyes I'm achin',
No razor do I carry—on de square.
Watermelon makes me sicken,
I just hates poke-chops and chicken,
Common food am good enough for dis here coon.
And de reason why I'se springing
Dis yere song dat I am singing,
Is just because I loves de pretty tune.

CHORUS—

Dat am de reason my voice I'se easin',
Sweet music suits dis coon.
I'll keep on prancing,
With cake-walk dancing,
Just 'cause I loves dat tune.

I don't want to be an actor,
And my voice it ain't a factor,
When I sings it sounds just like I'd tore my pants.
I don't say I set them crazy,
No one says that I'm a daisy,
I'd better whistle while I got the chance.
Just because I'm dark and dusky,
With a pair of "pipes" quite husky,
Many white folks think I court some yaller maid;
But I tell you they're mistaken,
All dis noise I'se simply makin'
Because myself I wants to serenade.

KISS AND LET'S MAKE UP

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Two little playmates, a boy and a girl
Were playing one day on the sands;
They had built up a house of pretty sea shells,
With no tools but their little brown hands;
At last it was finished, their work was well done,
And two little hearts were made glad;
When the boy just for fun gave a kick, then did run,
And down came the house on the sands. -
The girl for a moment stood shocked and surprised,
Then tears to her pretty eyes came—
“I’ll never forgive him,” she sobbingly cried,
“Oh, how could my Jack be so mean!”
And when the lad saw his sweetheart in tears,
He manfully to her side came,
And throwing his arms around her dear form, said, “Kiss
and let’s make up again.”

CHORUS—

“Kiss and let’s make up, my darling,
Dry your tears, don’t cry in vain,
For you know I love you, darling,
Yes, I know I was to blame.
So you wished you’d never met me?
Don’t say that, my little pet.
What would this life be without you?
Kiss and let’s make up.”

The years rolled by, the lad sailed away,
The maiden she waited in vain.
Could Jack have forgotten those bright happy days,
When oft to the cottage he came?
The shells by the sea shore are strewn all about;
Each one brings fond memories back,
When they built little houses upon the warm sands,
She and her boy lover Jack.

He promised to write to her once ev'ry week,
Had another fair face won his heart?
Or else had he tired of his true country lass,
Was he satisfied that they should part?
But the true honest fellow was sailing back home,
To the girl who was waiting in vain,
To hear his dear voice whisper low in her ear, "Come kiss
and let's make up again."

"LEONIE"

QUEEN OF MY HEART

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

"Do not turn away, my darling,
Listen for one moment, pray;
And I'll tell you how I love you,
For I'm sure you'll not say nay
Don't be cruel to me, sweetheart,
Do not cast my love away,
Heart to heart and lips together
Let us join to-day."

CHORUS—

Leonie, Leonie,
You are the queen of my heart;
I love, I adore you,
From you I can never part.
What is life without you,
What is this world to me?
Leonie, Leonie,
My idol and queen of my heart.

"Why that sigh when I draw nigh, love;
Why those tears upon your cheek?
Have I been unkind, my darling?
Tell me, sweetheart, why you weep.

There is something in your eyes, love,
Tells me that my love gives pain:
Answer, darling, answer truly,
Are my dreams in vain?"

Then she murmured to her lover,
"You must not speak love to me.
I am promised to another,
And to him must faithful be.
I have longed with heartfelt yearning,
For this night with all its pain,
Yet I never dreamed you loved me
Now 'tis all in vain."

LITTLE SWEETHEART

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I know I am some one's darling,
For my love has told me so;
He says that I am his sunbeam,
And my heart is all aglow.
When he's nigh I'm always happy,
And from him will never part;
When he comes he'll surely tease me,
Calling me his own sweetheart.
Oh, how sweet, entrancing,
Sounds his voice so dear,
When he puts his arm around me,
Whisp'ring in my ear,
And then he

CHORUS—

Calls me his little sweetheart,
Says I am sweet and tender,
Holds me so tight in his arms.
His dear eyes looking in mine;

Calls me his little sweetheart,
His guiding star and treasure.
When he is nigh, no more I'll sigh,
For I'm his little sweetheart.

Oh! how slow the hours are fleeting,
How I wish they'd fly away,
When the clock is striking seven,
Then my love has come to stay;
How my heart with rapture's beating,
I'm as happy as a lark,
For he's told me, oh, so often,
That I am his sweetheart.
When the stars are twinkling,
I meet him by the gate,
When I know my love is watching,
And there's no escape,
For then he

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

**The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.**

Prince of Poets once had written,
Life's a stage where all play parts;
Some are comic, some heroic,
Some tell tales of broken hearts;
Laughter, tears, are closely wedded,
So the Bards of Song say,
Tears, alas, are sorrow's fountain,
Laughter cheers us on our way.

CHORUS—

Laughter and tears wherever we go,
Sorrow and smiles
Each one must know.
So on through life, struggle and strife,

Both play main parts in it all;
Laughter is there,
Tears everywhere,
So runs the life of all.

Hark, a merry crowd is laughing
At a story that's been told;
"'Tis a good one," cries a fellow,
"And I'm sure it is not old."
While the crowd is merry, laughing,
All the world seems bright and gay,
In a cottage some one's weeping
For a loved one pass'd away.

There a little child is laughing,
Happy with her doll is she;
How she loves it, little mother,
Her small heart is filled with glee.
Suddenly the doll is broken,
And her tears fall thick and fast;
"Dolly's dead," the baby mutters.
Even playthings cannot last.

LOVERS' LANE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st. St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

There's a narrow, winding pathway, where youthful lovers
stray,
When moonlight shadows linger o'er the spot and far away,
Where Nature's perfume dwells in flowers rare of every
clime,
And song birds carol sweetly in the golden summer time.
There in cupid's alcoves where the creeping ivy clings,
Hand in hand they sit and whisper choicest honeyed things.
You and I and all, perhaps, fond memories retain,
Of how we tried to win 'our sweethearts, down in Lovers'
Lane.

CHORUS—

Week days and on Sunday,
Never missing one day—
Tripping o'er the highway—over hill and plain,
Sweethearts stroll together, matters not the weather;
So 'twill be forever,
Down in Lovers' Lane.

Is there one who has not wandered,
Led on by love's young dream,
A-down the Lane, where beauties rare, like flitting fancies
beam;
Within some vine-clad cloister, just to hide and there begin,
The tale of hearts so often told, a cherished love to win.
Breathing sweetest nothings, vowing constance ever more,
Pledging life's devotion, building castles o'er and o'er—
Happy few are made, while many suffer life long pain,
For hearts are won and lost forever, down in Lovers' Lane.

"LAST NIGHT"

(As the moon was shining.)

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Tell me, mother, tell me, are all lovers true?
Do they mean those loving words they speak to you?
Tell me, mother, for he whispered words so sweet,
Words that thrill my heart with ecstasy;
It was only last night, in the bright moonlight,
That he pressed me to his heart in fond delight,
And he vowed to love me by the stars above me.
Mother, did he mean those words?

CHORUS—

Last night, as the moon was shining,
Last night, while all nature slept,
Then he kissed me and caressed me,
Kissed me as I wept,

For last night my heart was aching;
Some one told me he was false,
That he never meant one word he'd spoken—
Last night as the moon shone bright.

Dry your eyes, my darling, for your love is true,
Don't believe those cruel words they've told you;
I once listened to those same words, years ago,
And it parted my first love and me,
For they said my lover was unfaithful too.
I was young and innocent and bade him go.
His kind heart was broken, when those words were
spoken.
So, my dear, believe him true.

MARY ANN McCUE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

You may talk about rackets, sure, I'm nearly wild,
From the tenants that live overhead;
And since they mov'd into the house where I live,
Many times I have wish'd I was dead.
A fortnight ago the McCues they moved in,
They're a tough looking pair anyway,
Each morning and night they will get drunk and fight,
You'll hear Paddy bawl out and say:

CHORUS—

Oh! Mary Ann McCue!
What in the world have I done to you?
You're a fairy, my charming Mary,
You'll break my heart in two.
I think you are insane,
Bad luck to the day that I changed your name,
But now on the level, I'm going to the devil, for
Mary Ann McCue.

It was only last week when some neighbors dropp'd in,
 They term'd it a sociable call;
 The whiskey and beer—well, it made them act queer,
 You'd think it was Flannigan's ball.
 They went at each other, they fought right and left,
 When Pat got a welt in the eye.
 "Och! murder!" he said, when his wife cracked his
 head,

I heard Paddy bawl out and say:

CHORUS—

Oh! Mary Ann MCue!
 What in the world have I done to you?
 You're a fairy, my charming Mary,
 You've broke my head in two.
 I think you are insane,
 Bad luck to the day I changed your name;
 But now on the level,
 I'm only a pebble with Mary Ann McCue.

"MY SWEET EILEEN"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
 Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

There is a spot I love so well,
 Shady and green;
 'Tis there sweet tales of love I tell,
 Tell to Eileen;
 Down in the meadow, close by the old stile,
 There's where she meets me,
 I see her sweet smile,
 Gathering daisies and singing the while,
 Sing to my sweet Eileen.

CHORUS—

Eileen, sweet Eileen, just say the word yes or no;
 Somehow or other my heart's in a flutter, I love you so;
 Say yes, do Eileen, and you shall reign like a queen,
 We'll wed in the spring and sweet bells will ring
 For you Eileen.

There's no star shining in the sky,
Fair Eileen;
Warm glows the love-light in her eye,
My fairy queen;
When we pass by all the flowers so gay,
Bow low their heads, seem to whisper and say,
Soon in the little church over the way,
I'll marry sweet Eileen.

MY LOVE IS THE SAME AS OF OLD

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

You say that you are growing old,
Your hair is turning gray,
'Tis many years since we were wed—
Just forty years to-day.
Though time will change us all, my dear,
True love will ne'er grow cold;
My love for you is just the same
As in the days of old.

CHORUS—

I loved you then,
I love you now, my darling.
This love so true for you will ne'er grow cold;
As man and wife for years we've been together,
My love for you is the same as of old.

When first I met you, my darling wife—
Can you recall the day?—
Your cheeks were red, your eye was bright,
It seems but yesterday;
And though your face is not as fair
As in the days of old
You still are beautiful to me,
Your love is pure as gold.

MY AFRICAN QUEEN

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

When the moon is in the heavens perched high,
An' the sweet summer zephyr floats by,
I'm donin' my things an' a spreadin' my wings,
To the tenant of my soul to fly.
Nigger's heart it beats a jealous tattoo,
An' they worry out loud, they do,
When I'm walking seen;
"Guess I don't look mean"
With my thoroughbred African Queen,
My thoroughbred African Queen.

CHORUS—

When on my arm she's leanin',
Gazin' at stars a gleamin',
Feelin' like I was dreamin',
Happy that I ever was born;
Proudly we strut and stately.
I know them niggers hate me,
When they try hard to "fate" me,
I laugh them to scorn.

Promenadin' ev'ry darkey bows low,
But they ain't in the runnin' I know,
In my little gal's eye wouldn't figure deuce high;
I'm the captain an' they got to go slow.
I've a rival an' his blood it runs mean;
Through the yaller that coon turned green,
When he heard that I would be wed by'm by
To my thoroughbred African Queen,
My thoroughbred African Queen.

MUD-PIE DAYS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

How the children set us thinking,
As we watch them at their plays,

Bringing back sweet scenes of childhood,
Of those happy by-gone days;
Life was one long ray of sunshine.

Will we ever see them more?
Those merry simple moments,
Happy mud-pie days of yore?
Now those are mince and apple, sir;
Each one is nice and brown,
I'm sure that there was never
Better mud-pies made in town.
These are five, and those are ten, sir;
There, we haven't any more.
That is the way we prattled,
In our mud-pie days of yore. —

CHORUS—

Dear old, old days fading away,
Ne'er to return, never again,
Children we were together, could we remain forever!
Little hands hurt, faces all dirt,
Eyes shining bright, hearts gay and light.
Bring us again together, in mud-pie days of yore.

Mary, you must wash the dishes;
Johnnie, you must light the fire;
Nellie, you must make the biscuits;
Charlie, don't you tease Marie;
Mrs. Smith, how is the baby?
Is your husband still at work?
We'd ask those foolish questions,
Playing with the mud-pie dirt.
Now, Nellie, do be careful, dear,
Don't knock the kettle off;
Why, what's come over baby,
She must have the whooping cough.
I'm going to play the mother,
And will keep the candy store.
O, let me dream the old dream,
Back in mud-pie days of yore.

MY OWN SWEET NELL O'NEIL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I'll sing to you about a girl, my secret I will tell,
It's all about my own true love, my darling little Nell;
She's not so pretty, nor too gay, her clothes are not too fine,
But yet I could not love her more; to me she is divine.

CHORUS—

My sweet Nell O'Neil,
I am true to thee;
When we're married, happy we shall be,
For our love's surely true, you and I can see,
My heart is yours to do as you will, my own sweet Nell
O'Neil.

Each day she goes to work down town, as busy as can
be,
But on a Sunday she's at home to see and talk with me;
I'm going to marry her some day, she's answered my
appeal,
She'll always be as you can see, my darling Nell O'Neil.

"MA GENUINE AFRICAN BLONDE"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

You talk about your high-toned colored ladies,
But I got one who makes them all look shady;
She's just the proper style,
Dark blue dreamy eyes,
She's the most peculiar of all the colored babies.
They had a rag-time ball and picnic down in Coon-town,
They had a rag-time scrap, with guns and razors all over
the ground.
From fright, I have been told,
My gal's hair turned to gold,
And now they call my gal the African Blonde.

CHORUS—

Genuine African Blonde,
Belle of 'all Coon-town;
I'm most crazy about ma lady.
She's not yellow, she's a sealskin brown,
She's ma warm baby, sure.
Coons don't look alike no more,
She's a colored freak of nature, and she can't be conned,
Ma Genuine African Blonde.

This high-born gal she is the admiration
Of the black four hundred elite population.
Her smiles are all sunshine,
She's ma black baby mine,
She's a credit to her race and her relations;
She sets them wild when she goes on the Avenue,
With style and grace, she bows and says: "How do you do."
None with her can compare,
Ma girl with the golden hair;
With one accord they all say she's a lulu,
For my gal's a

"MA FILIPINO BABE"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

On a war boat from Manila,
Steaming proudly o'er the foam,
There were many sailors' hearts fill'd with regret;
Gazing backwards at the islands,
Where they'd spent such happy days
Making love to ev'ry pretty girl they met;
When up spoke a colored sailor lad,
With bright eyes all aglow,
"Just take a look at ma gal's photograph."
How the white crew laugh'd and chaffed him,
When her shiny face they saw.
But he said: "I love ma Filipino baby."

CHORUS—

"She's ma Filipino baby,
 She's ma treasure and ma pet,
 There's no yaller gal that's dearer,
 Though her face is black as jet;
 For her lips are sweet as honey,
 And her heart is pure I know;
 She's ma pretty blackfaced Filipino baby.

In a little rustic cottage
 In the far off Philippines,
 Sits a little black-faced maiden all alone,
 Waiting for her sailor lover;
 Though he's black as black can be,
 Yet she loves him and her heart for him does yearn.
 Suddenly she hears his dear voice,
 As he cries out, "Caroline,
 I've come back to the only gal I love."
 And that night there was a wedding,
 All the ship's crew gathered there,
 When he wedded his black Filipino baby.

"MAMMY'S LITTLE ALLIGATOR BAIT"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In a little old log cabin, 'way down in Tennessee,
 I heard a mammy singing soft and clear,
 Her voice was sweetly ringing to her Piccaninny boy
 In his cradle near her wooden rocking chair,
 His little eyes were beaming as he listened to her voice;
 She sang to him of slav'ry,
 And told him of de good Lord who lived way up above,
 To lull this Piccaninny to sleep she sang with mother's love,

CHORUS—

Hushaby, don't yo' cry, mammy's little Piccaninny's
 going to get
 A present mighty soon,

When de stars dey am a peepin' and de moon it am a
creepin',

Den your mammy's gwine to sing 'dis tune,
Shut yo' eye, bye and bye mam will whip yo' if yo' cry,
Some one am a comin' thro' de gate;
Go to sleep, don't yo' peep, listen to me tell yo',
Yo's mammy's little alligator bait.

She told him that if he would be very, very good,
She'd buy for him a pretty little toy,
And would take him to the bayou that is way down in de
woods,

Which made his eyeballs fairly jump with joy;
She told him 'bout de alligators dat ate up black boys
Dats bad, and wouldn't mind their mammy dear;
Then she tucked de cover o'er him and rock'd him to and
fro,

And then these words into his ear she sang sweet and
low,

"MID THE GREEN FIELDS OF VIRGINIA"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

'Mid the green fields of Virginia,
In the vale of Shenandoah,
There's an ivy-covered homestead that I love,
With its quaint, old-fashioned chimney, and its simple
home-like air;

'Twas the home of my dear parents now above.
Though I'm living in a mansion grand,
With wealth at my command,
I'd give it all just for a single day
To play with my young comrades, and see my mother dear,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

CHORUS—

There's a peaceful cottage there,
A happy home so dear,
My heart is longing for it day by day,

Where I spent life's golden hours
In the vale of Shenandoah,
Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

'Mid the green fields of Virginia
Stands an old mill by the stream,
And I'd come to that old spot to sing and play;
Ah, how often would I throw the stones into that babbling
brook,
And I dreamed some day 'twould carry me away.
Yes, the dream came true; one day in June, I left the dear
old home,
They told me mother's heart had broke that day;
Oh, if I could but see her I'd lay me down and die,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

"MOLLY, COME DRIVE THE COWS HOME"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A charming little country maid
Was Mollie, and her eyes
Like big drops of sunshine
Hewn from the summer skies.
She drove the cows in from the fields,
When twilight's shades grew near,
And if forgetful of this task,
Her mother's voice she'd hear:

CHORUS—

Mollie, come drive the cows home,
Molly, my daughter, dear,
Molly, come drive the cows home,
Darkness will soon be here;
Molly, come drive the cows home,
(Wonder where Molly can be?)
Molly, my daughter, Molly;
Molly Molly! Molly!

A few swift years of childhood's joys,
Of happiness and play,
Passed quickly, then a lover came,
And stole her heart away.
He was a stranger, yet with him
She ran from home and all.
Still broken-hearted mother, dear,
In vain for her would call:

The song birds sweeter sang one day,
The sun far brighter shone,
A mother's prayers were answered now,
For Molly had come home.
A father's heart is filled with joy,
A home with laughter thrills;
There's gladness in that dear old voice
That echoes o'er the hills:

MY DEAREST GIRL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Who is it that loves mother dear and works most ev'ry day?
Who is it leads a life sincere, like sunny month of May,
With hair that shines like burnished gold,
And eyes of heaven's blue?
Why none but pretty Sadie, and she's modest, sweet and true.

CHORUS—

Light, graceful and airy,
Dressed up like a fairy;
She's never contrary,
The dearest girl of all, my Sadie!
And when we both grow older,
Then I will be bolder,
And I'll ask Sadie to be my lady, my dearest girl.

She works down in the city, where she toils from morn 'till
night,
She's faithful to her duties, she's her mother's true delight;
Tho' all the boys they love her, why she loves but me
alone,
And some fine day I'll ask her if she'll share with me a
home.

"MA BABY HANNAH"

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A colored man named Taylor received a call one day
From an old time Southern neighbor who came prepared to
stay;
He asked him in to dinner, well, the cooking was divine,
And so that coon concluded that he'd live there all the time.
He soon became enamored of the lady of the house,
But bye and bye her husband began to smell a mouse,
And so one night he waited 'till he found that coon alone,
And this is what he said to him in no respectful tone: Now

CHORUS—

P'rhaps you'd like to steal ma baby Hannah,
And bring misfortune to ma happy home;
If dat's yo' game, yo'd better change yo' manner,
I warns yo' now to leave ma wife alone.
Yo'd best go back again to Alabama,
Yo' thick head make,
Yo' ain't no good no how;
Take all ma stock and dough,
Borrow al ma clothes and go;
But don't yo' try to steal "Ma Baby Hannah."

The coon said: "Pray excuse me, I really meant no harm,
I'd hate to lose the friendship of your protecting arm;
There ain't no use in feeling most grievously inclined,
I certainly do apologize, if I have been unkind.

And so that quarrel was ended, but before a week was o'er,
That nigger tried his utmost to win her as before.
The injured husband caught him and freely used his blade,
And as he threw him in the street, these words to him he
said:

MA BABY GIRL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Ma colored gal and I, we went to church one morn,
When all the world seemed gay—
'Twas on a Sunday morning, when the sun shone bright,
Oh, happy wedding day—
The parson joined our hands and said,
"You'se man and wife."
How all those folks did stare,
I tell you we felt proud
While passing through the crowd,
And to the congregation I did say:

CHORUS—

I'm going to work for ma black baby,
And try to save enough to buy a home.
I'll be no cheap man and buy on installments,
For what we get will be our own.
There ain't no colored man can come between us,
The parson's tied the knot that holds us fast;
Both night and day I'll slave—
Ev'ry cent I'm goin' to save—
I'm working for ma baby girl.

'Twas just a year ago to-day, my darling wife
Gave me a baby girl,
She's lying in the cradle with those laughing eyes,
My little black-eyed pearl;
I take her in my arms when I return from work,

And press its little face to mine.
Our home is now complete,
With wife and babe so sweet,
That's why each day you'll always hear me say.

MY GAL HAS LEFT ME

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

My baby said to me one morn,
Why don't you go to war?
Our colored boys have volunteered,
And them I do adore.
She promised me so true she'd be,
And so I left next day.
I've sent her ev'ry cent
So my gal could pay the rent,
But some one wrote and told me she had gone.

CHORUS—

My gal has left me,
My gal has shook me,
Can some one tell me where she's gone?
My heart is breakin',
And I'm forsaken,
Can some one tell me where my gal has gone?—
My gal has gone?

When I came home from war to-day
I thought she would be there,
I searched each room this afternoon
For my black gal so dear.
It looked so bare without her there,
It nearly drove me wild,
I enquired all around,
But she wasn't to be found,
The neighbors said that she had left the town.

MA BLACK TULIP

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

The moon to-night is softly shining,
Oh, come to me, my lady love;
Just open wide your lattice window
So I may see your sweet face from above.
I'm dreaming of you always, darling,
My heart is going out to you,
The night seems dark and drear
Without your sweet face near.
Listen to my serenade,
Love, to you I sing;
Hear the banjo ring.

CHORUS—

You're ma own black tulip,
Sweeter than mint julep,
Dearest girl in all the world;
Listen while I sing my songs to you,
That I play upon my old banjo;
Hear the night wind sighing.
Love, for you I'm dying;
Look out, dear, don't be afraid;
Open wide your window,
O my love,
While I sing love's serenade.

Good night, my love, I now must leave you
For soon you close your eyes and sleep,
And in your dreams, my own black tulip,
Just think of me who worships you so deep;
I hear the night birds softly cooing,
They seem to breathe your name so sweet,
But I will come again
To sing you love's refrain,
And you can hear my lips repeat,
Listen while I sing,
Hear the banjo ring.

MUST WE SAY GOOD-BYE FOREVER, NELLIE DEAR?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Two lovers quarreled, then met by chance within a ball-room grand,

He murmured soft and low, "Just one word 'ere I go."

She turned to him with angry pride and said: "How dare you speak,

You've had my answer, leave me now in peace;

I only asked you to explain about that other girl,

The one who called you Harry dear, last night;

I saw you kiss her tenderly, and wipe away her tears."

"Don't ask me, dear," and then he softly said:

CHORUS—

Must we say good-bye forever, Nellie dear?

Must all our future years be dark and drear?

Believe me, only do, I love none else but you;

Must we say good-bye forever, Nellie dear?

The ball was over, and the sun was rising in the east,

The dancers all so gay, had danced till break of day.

Poor Nellie's heart was aching, though she never let them know

How cruelly she had driven him away.

She heard a sob, and by her side a ragged creature knelt,

It was the girl who Harry kissed that night;

"I am his wretched sister, and he thought that I was dead,
Don't let me part you, for I heard him say":

MA SOUTHERN BELLE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

The moon is softly shining on the river,

The bees and flowers all in slumber rest,

A dusky maiden and her little sweetheart

Are cooing like two birds up in a nest;

The lad then puts his arms around his darling,
And gazes in her eyes with love aglow,
He seems to read the answer to his pleadings,
Then murmurs in her ear so sweet and low:

CHORUS—

My pretty Southern belle, my life-long queen,
Both night and day of you I dream,
When the stars above are shining for your love ma heart
am pining,
For I love but you, ma Southern belle.

The maiden's eyes in wonder now are beaming,
As she listens to the pleadings of her beau,
And now she's at a loss for words to answer,
She never knew the lad had loved her so;
So silently in smiles she gives her answer,
The youth in joy now clasps her to his heart,
And standing 'neath the silvery stars of heaven
They promise one another ne'er to part.

MY INDIANA HANNAH

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In Indiana lives ma black Hannah,
She's as sweet as she can be,
A nicer gal you ne'er did see.
I'm gone plum crazy
For dis yer daisy.
She's a dream, this Indiana queen,
And I love her—'deed I do.

CHORUS—

Ma Indiana Hannah, I love you, I love you;
In all dis world dere's no one else will do, will do;
Come put your arms around me,

Lay your head on my breast,
Ma Indiana Hannah baby,
I love you the best.

I love her dearly,
She treats me squarely;
To help me out when I was broke,
My babe put all she owned in soak.
Something'll be doing
Next time we're wooing,
'Cause I love ma Indiana dove,
And I'll ask her to be mine.

MY GAL FROM NEW ORLEANS

(As she does the Creole Dance.)

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In the heart of New Orleans
Where the coons are always gay,
They introduce a bran new dance on ev'ry Mardi Gras day.
Now the very latest craze
Will put you in a trance,
For it is done with grace and ease,
And called the Creole Dance.

CHORUS—

Gents, politely look your lady in the eye,
Wheel around and do the Alabama sunrise.
Now, to the Buffalo fair, with the Louisiana prance,
That's my gal from New Orleans, she does the Creole
Dance.

Swell coons with smiling faces and their babies by their side,
Dressed up in silk and laces, prepared to do the glide.
When the band begins to play
They lose their heart and mind,
And wenches do the bomba shay,
Now don't they do it fine?

Now they don't care for buck and wing, for that's done
ev'ry where,
And since these steps were introduced, there's nothing to
compare,
They're the fad in all the parlors
As well as on the stage,
And at ev'ry social party
This dance is all the rage.

MY SUNDAY GIRL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Most ev'ry boy has sweethearts,
Some have less, some have more;
I must confess just like the rest,
To having near a score.
There's one for each day in the week
For me to win and woo,
But only one, my Sunday girl,
Is absolutely true.

CHORUS—

My Monday girl has golden curls,
My Tuesday girl is witty,
My Wednesday and my Thursday girl
Are both quite young and pretty,
My Friday miss is sweet to kiss,
My Saturday girl is tall,
But my mother is my Sunday girl,
And the best of all.

Sometimes when I am spooning
Out at some cottage gate,
You can just bet, I won't forget,
To be home ere it's too late.
Tho' the one I am just to leave
Is very young and fair,
I know I'm going back to one
With whom none can compare.

MISS SUSANNA FROM URBANA

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

There's a dainty little maiden, and she's cute as she can be,
Lives in a town of small renown;
She has captured all the Brummels of the town's society,
She's on the brain of every swain;
When she sings they flock around her just to show how well
they know
That she's the best.
She knows the rest,
And when she sings Hosanna,
They surround the old piano,
While the other girls in jealousy cry out: "Oh fudge!"

CHORUS—

Miss Susanna from Urbana
Quite a cultivated lassie you'll agree;
Plays piano Rusticanna,
And she knows the other classics A to Z.
All the neighbors say that she can play
That song Tarara-Boomdeaye,
In such a fine artistic way,
They're going to move the first of May.
When she tackles old Beethoven,
And then wrestles with De Koven,
There is always something doing in Urbana.

Now, this dainty little maiden had a 'phone put in the hall,
This lassie shy, I'll tell you why,
For her date book's over-crowded and she won't allow a call
Unless they own a telephone;
All day long she hears the merry ting-a-ling-a ling-a-ling,
From beaux galore,
Dudes by the score,
And when she misses central,
You can bet it's accidental,
For she has a string upon the manager; "Hello!"

MY LITTLE HINDOO BELLE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris.
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City Send for catalogue,

When the night's at hand,
In a far off land,
I come to keep a tryst
With a dusky belle
That I know well
Has many on her list.
Through moonlight night, I see love's light
A gleaming in her radiant eyes;
When this maid of charms I fold in my arms,
She looks up in surprise.

CHORUS—

My charming, pretty little Hindoo Belle
Holds me completely in her mystic spell,
I love her more than mortal tongue can tell,
And I'm pining for my little Hindoo Belle.

Well this lassie knows,
Of all her beaux,
My love's unlike the rest,
She shows it plain,
For they sigh in vain
When a smile she gives her best.
When they attend this queen they send rare gifts,
Their daily toil has made,
But she throws them aside,
And at night she'll glide
To hear my serenade.

MISTAH JOHNSON, YOU WON'T DO

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Of all the coons that's in this town,
There's none had the trouble like Jim.
It's all about his gal that he calls Sal,
And he thinks that she's the real thing;

But there's another man done come to town,
And he stole her heart away,
And when he came from work one day
These words she had to say:

CHORUS—

I'm sorry, Mister Johnson,
I don't want to hurt your feelings,
But I think you've got to move to-day;
I've got no use for you any more,
Please take your things away,
Give me the key and don't come back,
I've got another yaller man and that's a fact.
So brush on by, tain't no use to sigh,
Mister Johnson, you won't do.

I never said a word to hurt the feelings of the girl,
And I don't know why she throwed me down.
About this yaller man I can't understand,
I don't know when he came to town;
It seems strange to me that I never heard his name,
But you can bet I'm a-going to find out,
And with a gatling gun I'm going to have some fun,
If these words she says are right.

MA LI HUNG CHINESE QUEEN

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City Send for catalogue.

I have a girl and she's a perfect peach,
The fairest ever seen,
Her father is king of the Ching Chinamen,
And she is my little Chinese Queen.
Mongolians don't like a colored man,
Highbinders try to steal her away,
But I stood them off with a razor in my hand,
Then they heard me loudly say:

CHORUS—

She is Ma Li Hung Chinese Queen,
She's not so warm, but the real thing,
Her standing and her station
Has caused a great sensation,
She has such winning ways,
I could love her all my days,
For she cert'nly is
Ma Li Hung Chinese Queen.

It's strange to say, but one bright summer day,
Way down in China, China land,
This Malayan beauty stole my heart and soul away,
And there I quickly ask'd her for her hand.
She answered with a wink, and I began to think
That my love was all in vain;
My head began to swim and my heart commenced to
sink,
So I harmonized again.

MY WATER-LOU

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I met her drifting down the tide
Alone in her canoe,
And caught a glance from her bright eyes
That pierced me through and thro'.
I whispered: "Darling, what's your name?"
She slowly answered, "Lou."
"You love the water, then?" said I;
"I'll call you Water-Lou."

CHORUS—

Water-Lou, my Water-Lou,
How I long for you;
Tho' we're drifting far apart,
Bid me hope anew.

Water Lou, my Water-Lou,
Oh, how well I knew,
When I looked into your eyes,
It was my Water-loo.

The falling rays of sunshine dyed
Her golden hair a golden hue,
And from the skies above, her eyes
Took on a shade of blue;
By nature's hand she was designed,
A flower too sweet to woo;
For in my blushing water queen,
I met my Water-loo.

“NANNETTE”

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

There's only one girl in the city,
I mean that there's just one for me;
And though there are others that's pretty,
There's none half as pretty as she.
Whenever I meet this young damsel,
I long for to call her my pet,
I don't know the name of my charmer,
So I've nicknamed her my sweet Nanette.

CHORUS—

Who is the sweetest little daisy? “My Nannette.”
Who is the one that sets me crazy? “My Nannette.”
Not May, not Sue, not Anne, not Tessie,
Not Marie nor Belle nor Bessie,
Fannie, Lizzie, Kate or Jessie,—
Just Nannette.

Now just let me tell you of Nannette,
To whom I have sworn to be true,
Her form it compares with a Venus,
Her eyes are a heavenly hue.
With neat golden curls so attractive,

Complexion that's ever so fair;
In fact, a complete bunch of sweetness,
That would cause you to stop and to stare.

NIGGERISM

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Now folkses, if you'll listen,
Why I will fly high as a kite;
Dar is a link that's missing,
That I will bring to light.
When a coon wins in a crap game,
His dreamy optics do shine bright,
But when he's broke that coon is lame,
He den picks up a fight.

CHORUS—

Now, dat is what you call niggerism,
An' it tain't no white folks ism,
Tain't no Dutch or Irish ism,
So it must be niggerism,
An' if it tain't, please tell poor Ephram what it am.

A culled association
Gave a reception and a ball;
Dark town aristocracy
Were assembled in that hall.
Ev'ry one was feeling lovely,
Until a nigger looked for fight;
He had no sooner mentioned it,
Fifty razors were in sight.

If you go to a theater,
A minstrel show to see,
On the stage are darkies
As happy as can be;
A coon he loves to sing and dance,
Until he is out of breath,
All you've got to do is jolly him 'long,
And he'll work himself to death.

THE BOWERY AFTER DARK

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

While you are taking in all of the sights
In this great city of ours,
Under the gleam of the bright 'lectric lights,
Passing the evening hours,
Don't think the whole world is up on Broadway;
If toward the East side you happen to stray,
You'll find the spot, if you're out for a lark,
On the bowery just after dark.

CHORUS—

On the good old Bowery,
That's the place for me;
East side belles, and East side swells,
Say, they're the limit, see!
It ain't so gay as grand Broadway,
Or stylish as the park,
But superfine an' dead in line,
The Bow'ry after dark.

Going full blast is each big concert place,
Music and dancing's the thing;
Girls and their fellows are setting the pace,
Having their innocent fling;
The jays on the street get touch'd for their cush
Cop thumps a Johnnie who ain't in the push;
Kids all a guying the soft country mark,
On the Bowery just after dark.

There's other countries have pretty good towns,
I've heard that London's a peach;
And gay Paree they say is hard to down,
That's what the geographies' teach;
But they can't jolly me 'bout foreign climes,
Here in New York we have pretty good times;
Here is the only real spot on the earth,
It's the Bowery place of my birth.

ON THE BOULEVARD

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Lovers of sport spend the night and the day on the boulevard,

Riding their wheels so smooth on the boulevard;

Many a heart's been found and won

While on their wheels out just for fun;

Sorrow, trouble there is none, on the boulevard.

CHORUS—

On the boulevard, on the boulevard, where the sport is gay,

The lights from the bikes they are turning the nights to day;

On the boulevard, on the boulevard, will you come with me
away?

You'll find delight in the charms of night, on the boulevard.

Hearts they are beating with fondest delight, on the boulevard;

Soft, honeyed words you will hear, on the boulevard,

Whispering words of love so true,

Under the sky so bright and blue;

Words of love are always new, on the boulevard.

ONLY A TANGLE OF GOLDEN CURLS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Only a tangle of golden curls,

Flung o'er a pillow white—

Only a smile that is free from guiles

As the little one says good night, good night;

But the mother will treasure with untold pleasure,

These pictures as years pass by;

For though the sweet face may gain new grace,

She will think of the baby and sigh.

CHORUS—

Only a tangle of curls from little darling taken,

Only a small lock of hair;

Ah, how some mother's heart is aching.

Only a glimmer of gold twining around your fingers,
Making the tears fall like rain,
At the sight of a tangle of curls.

Gone is the sweet loving chatter,
Baby is heard now no more;
Gone is the innocent chatter,
Of pattering feet on the floor.
Playthings are scattered and broken,
Dolly lies ragged and torn,
Mother picks up the dear treasures
And sighs for her darling now gone.
Standing alone in the corner,
Little cradle bare—close by sits the mother dear,
Ah, so lonely there—no chubby hands now are holding fast
onto mother's dress—
Kiss me, kiss me, baby cried, then to your heart was
pressed.

CHORUS—

Only a tangle of curls from little darling taken,
Only a small lock of hair;
Ah, how some mother's heart's aching.
Only a glimmer of gold twining around your fingers,
Making the tears fall like rain
At the sight of a tangle of curls.

ONE NIGHT IN JUNE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

On a summer evening,
In the month of June,
Down the lane there comes the parson
Humming an old tune.
How his heart is beating
For his Madeline,
And he says: "I'll ask her
If she will be mine."

But there comes another,
Brave and handsome too,
And he loves this same girl, staunch and true,
And he says, "Now parson, tell me,
For to you I've come,
Will you tie the sweet knot that will make us one?"

CHORUS—

On the way to Madeline,
The moon was softly shining;
On the way to Madeline,
One summer night in June,
Nature seemed so fair and bright;
But one poor heart was aching,
On the way to Madeline,
One night in June.

Go, my lad, and ask her,
And I'll wait for you.
Then he sank down by the wayside,
For he loved her too;
All his dreams were shattered,
All his hopes had fled,
For another loved her
And they'd surely wed.
Slowly passed the hours,
Will he never come?
Then he heard a shot so loud and clear,
And he finds this poor young lover
Dying all for her.
"Take her, parson, take her, for 'tis you she loves."

ONLY A SUMMER GIRL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris
Music Publisher, 31. W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue

Out to the country ev'ry June,
From the city's heat and whirl,
There floats a gaudy butterfly
We call the summer girl;

She comes to gather daisies
 And hear the brooklets purl,
 But she captures lovers' hearts as well,
 For she's only a summer girl.

CHORUS—

Only a summer girl is she,
 Out for health and fun,
 Only a summer girl to be,
 And off when the season's done;
 Only a summer girl so bright,
 Whose pouting lips do curl,
 With eyes like night, our joy and delight,
 She is only a summer girl.

She gathers fun and lovers, this sprite,
 To some she gives a sweet kiss
 And a squeeze, may be, in the moonlight,
 For one she'll never miss;
 She gathers health and roses
 'Till frost the flowers furl,
 And back to the city drifts away,
 For she's only a summer girl.

PRETTY MAID, ADELAIDE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A demure country maiden felt dissatisfied,
 As demure country maidens should feel,
 She said to the city she would take a ride,
 Of city she had heard a great deal.
 "I'm afraid, Adelaide," said her ma to the maid,
 "You'll feel lonely and sad on the way."
 She replied, "Never fear; on the train, mother dear,
 One always meets a friend they say."

CHORUS—

Pretty maid, Adelaide, wasn't scared or afraid,
 And she made many friends on the train;

At a man down the aisle she began to smile;
When she smiled, 'twas not in vain.
Toward the maid Adelaide, with all haste he made
From his seat; now he's sorry that he strayed.
With his watch and heart he was forced to part,
When he left this friendly maid.

When this maid unsophisticated came to town—
For she always comes to town—
The hay seed still lingered in her hair of brown—
Hay seed lingers in all hair of brown—
All arrayed on parade, men would meet Adelaide;
Men would always meet Adelaide.
They would sit on the stair, and enjoy the air,
But all air they enjoyed was ready-made.

CHORUS—

Pretty maid, Adelaide, was a shy young maid,
And her friends were a little shy too,
Ev'ry night she'd invite some new gallant knight;
When they left, they were shy quite a few.
Toward the home of the maid, once they all made a
raid,
For the stair they started on the tear;
They arrived at eight, but they came too late,
All they got was a vacant stair.

PAINT ME A PICTURE OF MAMMA

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Within a costly studio, an artist sat alone,
He gazed upon a canvas full of pride;
With skillful stroke he'd pictured one of nature's fairest
maids,
Contentedly he lay his brush aside.
But as he sat a gentle tap he heard upon the door,
And when it opened wide he turned his head.
A little girl with golden hair before him stood in tears,
And in a voice of sadness slowly said:

CHORUS—

Paint me a picture of mamma,
For she has gone away;
Gone to a place called heaven,
Where I'll meet her some day.
Please make it look just like her,
With eyes same as mine, of blue;
Paint me a picture of mamma,
Please, Mister Artist, do.

The artist took the maiden in his arms and slowly said:

"I knew a mamma once who had your eyes."

When suddenly the little one cried: "That looks like
mamma!"

And pointed to the picture in surprise.

Then quickly of the child he asked: "Did your papa one
day

A quarrel have and leave your mamma then?"

"That's what she said before she went away," replied
the miss,

And as he kissed the child she cried again:

SITTING BY THE KITCHEN DOOR

The music for this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Sitting by the kitchen door,

When the sun has set,

Can be seen two lovers fair,

Where they oft have met,

Teasing, squeezing, oh, such fun—

Merry joyous pair

Sitting by the dear old kitchen door.

In the quaint old parlor

Sits old daddy dear,

Dreaming of the happy days of yore,

When he courted mother dear, many years ago,

Sitting by that same old kitchen door.

CHORUS—

Sitting by the kitchen door with her dearest beau,
Is a little maiden fair, singing sweet and low;
Swiftly glide the hours away with one you adore,
Kisses taste much sweeter there, by the kitchen door.

Oh, what pretty things are said,
Sitting arm in arm,
Planning when they will be wed
On the dear old farm;
Speaking of their future bright,
Happy days in store,
Sitting by the dear old kitchen door.
Day's work now is over,
Whistles they have blown,
Come the merry lads from mill and store;
When the stars are twinkling bright, then they can be
found
Sitting by the dear old kitchen door.

STRANGERS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Why run away from me, darling,
Why are those tears on thy cheek?
Let me look into your eyes, love,
I'll patient be—won't you speak?
What have I done thus to grieve thee?
Have I caused one moment's pain?
All that I ask is a reason,
I'll silent be till you explain.

CHORUS—

I may have done wrong, my darling,
I may have caused you much pain,
Still in my heart I adore you;
Let us be friends once again,

Don't turn away from me, darling,
Let us begin life anew.
Is then your answer the same, love,
Must we be but strangers now?

They tell you I love another,
That I am false to my vows;
Do you believe them, my darling?
Think you I'm false to my love?
If strangers dare come between us,
If they can tear us apart,
Surely then you never loved me,
Far better be that we should part.

SINCE KATIE RIDES A WHEEL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

My heart is broken entirely,
I have no peace nowadays;
My life was peaceful and happy,
Bright as the sun's cheery rays.
Now there is much endless trouble,
O'er my heart sadness will steal,
My days I feel they are numbered,
Since my daughter Katie rides a wheel.

CHORUS—

Katie rides in the morning,
Out on the walk and the street;
Katie rides at her nooning hour,
Through all the dust and the heat;
Katie rides in the evening when twilight shadows
steal.

Katie, my heart she's breaking,
Whenever she rides on that wheel.

I said, look out for the street cars,
Some day beneath them she'd fall,
Told her to ride in the country;
She does not mind me at all,

There down the street she goes spinning,
Vainly to her I appeal;
I feel that I'm going crazy,
Since my daughter Katie rides a wheel.

Katie would take to her studies,
Study away like a Turk,
Oft times would help her poor mother,
Lighten the burden of work;
Now there's a change all so different,
My life is ending I feel;
Our home is turned topsy turvy,
Since my daughter Katie rides a wheel.

SCHOOL BELLS;

or

WHEN BABY COMES HOME FROM SCHOOL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

School bells, school bells, how they ring!
Calling babes to school;
Hasten now, my little treasure,
Jump up from your stool,
Toddle quickly, do not stop,
Or you will be late;
Here's your book, your slate and apple
And your little cake.
Now at last the house is quiet
And so dark and drear,
Baby's childish voice is silent,
Pattering feet not here.
School bells, school bells, how they ring!
Sounding out the rule,
That our home again will brighten,
When our baby comes from school.

CHORUS—

Hark! I hear their voices plain,
They are coming down the lane;

How like bells their voices sound
To their mother's ear.
Tiny feet they patt'ring come,
Laughing, singing as they run;
Life is sunshine once again,
When baby comes from school.

Playthings scattered all about,
Mussing up the room,
Pretty dolls and broken dishes,
And a little broom,
Bringing always to our minds,
Though our darling's gone,
That we tenderly still cherish
Playthings old and worn.
I must lay aside my knitting,
Baby'll soon be here;
How her laughing eyes will brighten
For her mamma dear.
School bells, school bells, how they ring!
Sounding out the rule,
Ringing out their joyous welcome,
When our baby comes from school.

SLEEP, MY BABY BOY

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Bye, oh bye, my baby darling,
Bye, oh bye, my hope and joy;
Mother's hand will rock the cradle,
Sleep, oh sleep, my baby boy.
Lower the curtains, o'er thy blue eyes,
Sleep, my baby sleep;
Smiling like the summer skies,
To slumberland now creep.

CHORUS—

Bye, baby, my darling, for mother is near,
So tenderly watching thee;

Sleep on, do not fear.
Be, baby, my darling,
Sleep on while you may,
Life's struggle comes all too soon,
As waking with day.

Thou art now at life's bright dawning,
Trouble all too soon thou'lt know,
Gladly mother would defend thee
From the world and all its woe.
Mother would fold thee close to her breast—
Sleep, my baby, sleep—
In all the world she loves thee best,
All harm from thee would she keep.

SHE'S THE ONLY LADY FRIEND I KNOW

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

While on Broadway one afternoon, a yaller gal was walking,
And by her side a handsome coon, quite taken up with
talking.

Says Mister Jones, 'My 'Tilda dear, I'se fond of you, you
know,

My love for you is awful deep, and ev'ry day will grow.'

Now he was 'Tilda's ideal man, she thought he was just
right,

For he was dressed in latest style, and they looked out of
sight;

That ev'ning at a party, where all fashion held full sway,
You'd hear him speaking to his friends, and these words he
would say:

CHORUS—

She's the only lady friend I know O-O-O-O,
Ev'ry thing she does, with me will go, O-O-O-O,
I am stuck on baby dear, always happy when she's
near,
She's the only lady friend I know, O-O-O-O.

Faint heart ne'er won, the motto was, so to his chosen
lady,
He ask'd her for her hand and heart, if she would be his
baby.
He told Matilda of his love, and heard her answer true,
That she would love him long as skies retain their heaven's
blue,
And since that happy day they've known the pleasant hours
of life.
The parson tied them close and fast, for now they're man
and wife,
No matter where you see them, either night or in the day,
You'll always hear the husband's voice in tender accents say:

SUSIE HOPKINS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31. W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

They used to say I was a coquette
Because I liked to flirt, and yet,
If ev'ry man was given his chance
To take a turn and try the dance,
I did not see how I could be forsaken;
So when a fellow told his love,
And swore by all below, above,
That if I'd listen to his plea
He'd furnish half the world to me,
I always felt afraid he was mistaken,
And that's what made my lovers say:

CHORUS—

Oh, sweet little Susie Hopkins,
You're a naughty little girl,
You set fellows half way crazy,
Turn 'em topsy turvy,
Put 'em in a whirl;
If you only could be constant,

What a paradise of joy,
I'd be happy as a monarch
Just as Susie Hopkins' boy.

Now one was rich and one was poor,
And both I never could endure,
And one was handsome, one was plain,
And one was modest, one was vain,
Which made it hard indeed for me to choose 'em;
And one was gay and one was sad,
And one was good and one was bad—
'Twixt such a lot of different men
I had to try and try again;
With such a lot I knew I could not lose 'em,
And that's what made my lovers say:

At last one day my tired heart
Appeared to give a sudden start,
And in one man I seemed to find
The rare ideal of my mind,
And so I really could not help but take him.
So gladly to the church I went
And took the vows with good intent.
And ever since that happy day
I've quit all my coquettish play,
Because I never, never will forsake him,
And that's what makes my husband say:

CHORUS—

Oh, sweet little Susie Hopkins,
What a constant little wife,
And I am the lucky fellow,
For I finally won you,
Treasure of my life;
And that host of other fellows,
Thinking you were but a toy,
They would never recognize you as the mother of a
nine-pound boy.

SHE'S A QUEEN

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I know a young maiden of twenty,
She's a dream divine,
Admirer's and friends she has plenty,
For her love I pine;
A voice so bewitching and tender,
She's as good and true,
Ev'ry man in the town would befriend her
If she'd ask him to.
She's a—

CHORUS—

She's a dream my queen,
Ah! so trim and coy,
When with her I'm seen,
I could shout for joy.
Just to win her smile,
Though it foolish seem
I'd stand any trial
For she's a queen.

She's proud, oh! so proud of her nation,
She's a "Red Cross girl,"
The soldier boys suffered privation,
With my precious pearl—
She's American, purely and simple,
And both night and day
I tell her I love ev'ry dimple
On her cheeks and say:

STROLLING

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

When you take your dainty, dimpled little darling,
Astrolling on the seashore for the air,
And her rosy, glowing cheek is turned up to you,
You think of lassies she's beyond compare,

While the other chaps are chaffing as your charmer
Nestles closely to your heart, 'tis then you know,
That the rousing, romping, itching queer sensation,
Softly creeping o'er you,
Makes you wish to go

CHORUS—

Strolling, strolling,
With your bestest strolling;
Rolling, rolling,
While the waves are rolling, rolling;
Glancing, dancing,
With your arms about her,
Strolling, strolling,
On the sand at night.

When with winsome, winning, witty, little girlie,
You have promenaded 'long the sandy shore,
And you sit beside each other in the moonlight,
You wish that night would last forever more.
As you whisper friendly nothings to each other,
And promise that you'll always true remain,
Then a longing takes possession of you quickly,
With your pidgey to go strolling once again.

THERE IS NO FLAG LIKE THE RED, WHITE
AND BLUE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

All nations have their own emblems,
For which they will fight and also die;
Some countries will war just to conquer,
And over their sins glorify;
But we have one united country
Whose flag they never can subdue;
There's only one flag in this world,
And that one's the red, white and blue.

CHORUS—

There may be other flags and nations,
But there are none more brave and true,
There's only one flag in this world,
And that one's the red, white and blue

'Twill float o'er this free land forever,
Let tyrants beware of all its might,
'Midst war, shot and shell, it inspires
Our noble young soldiers to fight;
For now we have a solid union,
Whose flag no nation can subdue;
There's only one flag in this world,
And that one's the red, white and blue.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S SERENADE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Standing alone in the doorway, grinds the old hand-organ
man,

Turning that shiny old nandle, playing the best that he can;
Not a soul stops, or will listen, quickly they all pass the
door;

He heaves a sigh as they go by, they've heard those tunes
before.

Yet close by the pavement stands a little Miss,

"Here's a penny, please sir, play a tune for this!"

Then the old man looks down at her,

"Bless you, my sweet little maid,

If you will stay, don't run away,

I'll play my serenade."

CHORUS—

"After the ball is over," softly the organ did play,

"After the dancers leaving,"

"Please Mister come every day,"

"Creep, baby, creep, mamma will surely catch you,

Creep, baby, creep, mamma is near to watch you,"
"While the music is playing," was the next strain played;
Dear, old, sweet tunes, that were heard morn and noon,
'Twas an old serenade.

Time passed and still this wee maiden came to that spot
every day;
Oh, how the old man's eyes glistened, and how that organ
would play;
But one day he missed this angel; poor man, his heart ached
with pain.
"Why don't she come, my little one?" He waited all in vain.
From a pretty cottage just across the street,
There came forth a lady, face so sad and sweet;
"Baby is longing to see you, come in, sir, don't be afraid,
She's going to die, please sir, don't cry,
Play her your serenade."

CHORUS—

"After the ball is over," softly the organ did play,
"After the dancers leaving,"
"Please Mister come every day,"
"Creep, baby, creep, mamma will surely catch you,
Creep, baby, creep, mamma is near to watch you,"
"While the music is playing," was the next strain played;
Dear, old, sweet tunes, softly played in that room,
'Twas her last serenade.

TIM REILLY

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Tim Reilly was an Irishman and hailed from county Cork;
When but a lad he left his home; then landed in New York;
In ninety-eight the war broke out 'twixt 'Merica and Spain,
Then Reilly swore he'd never sleep 'till he'd avenged the
Maine.

CHORUS—

So he 'nlisted in the army and fought like a lion too,
He was an honor to his country and to those that wore the
blue:
But he was discontented, though the Spaniards fought in
vain,
He could not find the man that mined and who blew up the
Maine.

Through ev'ry battle field he'd search and look from place
to place;
Tim said he'd know the man at once if he could see his
face;
But Reilly's hopes were blasted; his efforts proved in vain,
Then Tim said: "I will kill them all, he'll be among the
slain."

One early morn the bugle called to arms that gallant band;
And Tim, of course, was ready sev'ral minutes beforehand;
They fought like Indians desperate; poor Tim was seen to
fall,
"It's nothing much," cried Timothy, "a little scratch that's
all."

That evening Reilly was quite sick, the fever had set in;
The surgeon said in husky voice, "It's sure the end of him."
The morning dawned in radiance, brave Tim was free from
pain;
His last words to his comrades were, "Boys, don't forget the
Maine."

THERE'LL COME A TIME

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

"Why are you sad, papa, my darling,
Why are those tears falling to-day,
Why do you look at me so strangely,
Have I done wrong? Tell me, I pray!"

"No, no, my child, you are an angel,
There's not a heart purer than thine,
Yet I've a fear, some day you'll leave me,
Just as your mother did, there'll come a time."

CHORUS—

There'll come a time, some day,
When I have passed away,
There'll be no father to guide you from day to day,
Think well of all I've said:
Honor the man you wed:
Always remember my story, there'll come a time.

"Let me know all, papa, my darling,
Tell me I pray of mother dear,
Where has she gone, why did she leave us,
Why is her name never heard here?
I never felt her arms about me,
Nor her sweet lips pressed close to mine,
I'd give my life only to see her,
Tell me, dear papa, will there come a time."

"Some years ago, well I remember,
Your mother, child, left home one night,
She fled, alas, fled with another,
'Tis the old tale, vanished from sight,
'Twas but a year, back to the old home,
She came to die, yes, baby mine,
That's why I fear, some day you'll leave me,
Just as your mother did, there'll come a time."

THEN COMES THE SAD AWAKENING

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A maid and youth were lovers, in the long ago,
And quarreled just the same as lovers will, you know.
"Just listen to me, sweetheart, and I will explain,
The fault's not mine, let us be friends again."

The maiden would not listen, sadly turned away,
"No, I'll not believe you, friends we cannot stay."
So these lovers parted, sad at heart were they,
But time had changed the maiden, so they say.

CHORUS—

Then comes the sad awakening,
The pangs of deep regret,
She longed to be forgiven,
She prayed that he'd forget,
The past comes now before her,
When love was young and true,
When he had spoken to her,
"My own, I love but you."

The years, alas, bring changes to the lives of all,
The love that once has flown, we cannot now recall,
The lovers who had quarreled, in the long ago,
Are parted in this life forever more.
The youth who loved his sweetheart, sleeps now with
the dead,
The maid had many suitors, though she would not wed.
Now she's old and feeble, life is ebbing fast,
Yet still her heart is true to love that's past.

TOO LATE! ALAS! TOO LATE!

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

The air was filled with fragrance rare
The robins had gone to rest,
While close beside the dear old gate
Two hands were fondly pressed.
In sorrow there a pleading face
Looked down at a maid in tears;
"Your answer I must have to-night!"
And this reply he hears:

CHORUS—

“Too late, too late! alas! too late!
The words that now you speak;
Your vows so dear I dare not hear,
My love you must not seek!
Another now doth claim my vow—
Why, darling, did you wait?
Had you but told your love last night—
Alas! 'tis now too late!”

Her heart went out to him that night,
A tear drop fell from her eye;
She never knew he loved her so,
With love that could not die!
And as they sadly bade farewell,
He sighed, “’Tis the will of fate!
Oh, love, had I but only known—
Why did I speak too late!”

THE PICTURE IN THE LOCKET

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Grandma plays with Mabel,
Almost every day,
Grandma's old and so feeble,
Mabel's young and gay.
Once when they were playing,
Mabel teased her so,
“Let me see your small locket,
You always wear, you know.
Grandma see this picture!—
In your locket here.
Who is that, dear Grandma,
Tell me, won't you, dear?”
Then the old lady answered,
As her tears fell fast,
“That, my child, is a picture,
I'll love while life will last.”

CHORUS—

“That is the picture
Of one I loved, dear,
So much like you,
With eyes of blue.
Sad are the memories
That it recalls, love,
That little picture
The locket contains.”

“He was tall and handsome,
Strong and brave and true,
And he once loved a maiden,
Golden hair like you.
When they were both wedded,
Happy then was he,
'Till one day, love, she vanished,
And left you here with me.
He is broken hearted,
Seeks for her in vain,
Her vows were forgotten,
Ne'er came back again,
She, my love, is your mother,
And in locket here,
Is my dear son's own picture,
He was your papa, dear.”

THERE IS ONE FACE I NEVER CAN FORGET

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

There are many lovely maidens,
In this wide world, I am told,
But I know a little treasure,
Who is just as good as gold.
She is neither rich nor stylish,
But she's sweet as can be,
And although I have no money,
Yet she said she'd marry me.

CHORUS—

There's one face in my heart I never can forget
There's a maiden whom I love,
Her eyes are black as jet.
There's a treasure that I prize
The sweetest girl I've met,
While I live there is one face, I never can forget.

When the toil of day is over,
You will find me at her door,
She's been waiting for my coming,
This dear girl that I adore.
Then we both talk of the future,
When we're happy man and wife,
And I bless the day I met her,
Who's the joy of all my life.

THE BLACKVILLE DERBY BALL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

There is going to be a grand reception,
The one I speak of is the Blackville Derby Ball.
It will be a swell affair with no exception,
To make it swell, we're going to spare no pains at all.
Of red hot coons there'll be a large collection,
Wreaths of flowers will be strewn all through the hall.
If you want to have some fun,
Bring your razor and your gun.
Down at the Blackville Derby Ball.

CHORUS—

Oh it's going to be a grand affair,
The colored aristocracy'll be there;
You will think you are in France,
When you see them wenches dance,
We invite you one and all to make a call.

Coons will meet that never met before,
The fun will be kept up till half past four.
These coons will look all right,
With their diamonds dazzling bright,
Down at the Blackville Derby Ball.

There is going to be some red hot prancing,
By all them coons and wenches at that Derby Ball;
They will also introduce the latest dances—
Of course the Pasmala will not be done at all!
The luncheon will be served in twenty courses,
They've imported cooks direct from Montreal.
Send your card in on a plate,
For you must be up-to-date,
Down at the Blackville Derby Ball.

THE HOTTEST EVER

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

All Darkeyville am out to-night,
In their finest array,
And it's rumored they say,
There never will be such a sight,
As there's a gwine to be observed
A jubilee at Bundy's Hall,
Has a been all arranged,
And the police have changed
Their rules so's they can start the fun
When the supper is served.

CHORUS—

Gay and brilliant this affair will be,
Swells whose clothes you'll hear for blocks,
Every coon of note in town will see,
This hottest ever of cake walks.

It's long and loud the band will play,
All their sweetest of airs,
While the gatherin' prepares

To make the scene look bright and gay,
As round that hall they'll prance,
It's surely goin' to be right warm,
For there's walkers galore,
Never heard of before,
Who'll spring surprises that will knock
Those coons in a trance.

TELL ME, SWEETHEART, DO

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

I have a girl,
She is a 'Pearl,'
The kind you read about,
And I'm quite sure you with me will agree.
Fresh from the dell,
My little Nell, Nell, oh, Nell; sweet Nell,
If you were only mine I'd proudly tell.

CHORUS—

Tell, why of course, I'd tell,
Of my bluebell; Sweet Nell,
Tell me, sweetheart, tell me,
Will you e'er be true?
It is but a question,
That I ask of you.
Do you think me false, dear,
Or, untrue, to you?
If a doubt within your heart,
Tell me, sweetheart, do?

Now promise me,
My bride to be,
Dear, from me never part,
And hand in hand we'll battle whate'er comes;
And true at heart,
No matter what,
I shall always be,
For you my Nell are all this world to me.

THE HONOLULU DANCE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In Cooney Isle there'll be a swell reception,
The rag-time dance they'll do will be beyond compare;
The colored swells will come without exception,
And for a gay and jolly time prepare—
Ah, ah, ah!

CHORUS—

All you darkies grab your gals, then wheel and swing,
Step aside, let Slow-foot Pete do the pigeon wing,
With the Mobile buck and the creole shoot,
Let me see you do the Chicago salute,
Now Jetneys, do the Honolulu dance.
Ah, ah, ah, salute your partners now, and do the bomba-shay!
All you coons move back, back, back, the other way.
Patronize the pork chop man,
Have a good time while you can,
When you come to do the Honolulu dance.
'Bout four o'clock the niggers had their gin in,
They talked of war, and razor fights they bragg'd about;
But jollity and fun were just beginning,
And rag-time Jimmy loud commenced to shout—
Ah, ah, ah!

THAT LITTLE GIRL I ONCE CALLED MINE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

You may talk about your pretty girls,
Your sweethearts and your wives,
But in my heart there's one excels them all.
'Tis a little dark haired maiden,
Who was once so dear to me,
And whose gentle face in mem'ry I recall.
She said she loved me dearly,
And her I can't forget,

And tho' long years have passed I cannot find
Any girl who can compare with her,
And thrill my heart with joy,
As that little girl I once called mine.

CHORUS—

She's the one I can't forget,
Her face it haunts me yet,
Around my heart sweet thoughts of her entwine;
Tho' she's long since passed away,
I still think of her to-day,
As that little girl I once called mine.

Ah, how well I now recall the day,
I said good-bye to her,
For fate decreed two loving souls must part.
And she raised her pretty eyes and said:
"When you are far away,
I will still be true to you, my own sweetheart."
I came again to claim her,
But she had passed away,
Around her grave the Summer roses twine;
And how often in my fancy,
I can see the loving smile,
Of that little girl I once called mine.

THE SAND MAN'S SONG

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Sleep time, mah honey!
Evenin' shadows fallin',
Sun sinkin' down in 'a skies;
Sand Man done reckons time is now fo' callin'!
Close your little, sleepy, coal-black eyes!
Close dem, mah honey!
Sand Man he won't lub yo'
Ef yo' sits to chattah dat away!

Yander he's a callin',
 Yander he's a callin',
 Listen what the Sand Man hab to say!

CHORUS—

"Derry dum! derry dum, derry ditty ditty dum dum!"

Listen to the Sand Man's song!

"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum dum!"

Dat is what a Sand Man say!

"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum dum!"

Listen to the Sand Man's song!

"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"

Jes close yo' eyes an' go to sleep.

Sleep time, mah honey!

Shadows am a creepin',

Creepin' up aroun' a-cabin do'!

Down in a-meadow, bull-frogs am a-weepin',

Weepin' cause de sunlight had to go!

Sand Man am a-walkin',

Sweet dreams he's a-bringin',

Don't you blink dem black eyes dat a-way!

Yander he's a-singin'

Yander he's a-singin',

Listen what de Sand Man hab to say!

Sleep time, mah honey!

Shadows gone an' foun' yo',

Foun' yo' an' yo' ol' mammy too!

Whippo' will am singin', singin' all aroun' yo',

Dess a sweet "good night" he means fo' you!

Sand Man, how do sah!

Little one am ready,

Ready fo' to dream 'er night away;

Now chune up yo' singin'

Now chune up yo' singin',

Listen what the Sand Man hab to say!

After last chorus—

Ditty dum, ditty dum, ditty dum, derry dum.

THE TREASURES OF THE SEA ARE BURIED DEEP

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

The angry waves were lashing on the beach one Summer day,

Where stood a youthful couple side by side,

"I love the dangers of the sea, and soon will sail away,"

So spoke the young man to his promised bride,

"I go to sound the angry deep, where riches are in store,

When I return, my darling, we shall wed";

Just then an aged mariner, alone upon the shore,

Who overheard the two stepped up and said:

CHORUS—

"The treasures of the sea are buried deep,

Far down among the sands where serpents creep!

O sailor of the sea, beware, beware!

Disturb them not, take care!

In wat'ry graves brave hearts are laid away,

To slumber on until the judgment day,

Old Ocean's wealth is hers alone to keep,

For the treasures of the sea are buried deep!"

"I, too, have been a sailor, and like you I loved the sea;

Upon its tossing billows we would ride,

I could not leave behind the ones who longed to be with me,

My wife and child were always by my side.

One night a storm was raging, we were foundered far from shore;

A cry rang out, All hands on deck to save!

Our crew alone was rescued; they are lost forevermore,

My loved ones are at rest beneath the wave."

THE DOLLY SONG

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Orban tells me stories

All of lovers sighing and a-dying,

Of our country's glories,

And how brave our warriors be;
 When I'm bad she tells me stories scary,
 When I'm bad, awful bad am I!
 Of brave men who died of harikari, I'm so 'fraid, I
 begin to cry:
 Aye, oh! Aye, oh!

CHORUS—

So sing these pretty witty dollies who indulge in harmless
 follies
 On the kindergarten plan!
 Just like our darling Janes and Mollies are these pretty
 dollies
 On a Japanese fan!

Shafon run and leave me
 Here among the flowers all a blooming,
 Shafon cannot grieve me,
 Orban cannot find me here;
 Hark, the pretty yellow bird is singing!
 Him I'll catch, Dolly will be glad!
 Ouch! the naughty yellow bird is stinging,
 His foot's hot!—burns Otaki bad!
 Aye, oh! Aye, oh!

TODDLE SONG

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
 Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Please believe this a Japanese toddle,
 'Tis a cross 'twixt a trip and a hobble;
 When your corns come in contact with cobble,
 You're likely, likely, very, very, likely to waddle, to waddle
 like this.
 But in modern Japan,
 No matron or man,
 And much less a Japanese Miss,
 Could ever, ever, toddle, toddle long like this.

But as we're expected to toddle along,
We'll toddle, we'll toddle along,
With a wad, wad and waddle,
And a tod, tod, toddle,
We'll waddle and toddle along.

'TIS NOT ALWAYS BULLETS THAT KILL

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Now, dear uncle, tell me why you're sighing,
I've been watching you all the day,
And I thought just because you're a soldier,
That soldiers are always so gay.
You know that you told me you fought in the war,
And oh, how the bullets did fly!
I think it's too bad, you're always so sad,
For the bullets they all passed you by."

CHORUS—

"'Tis not always the bullets that kill,
Though some day I pray they will;
'Twas a woman so fair, with her beauty so rare,
And a face like an angel above,
She had plighted her true love to me,
Beneath the old willow tree.
But her love passed away,
And my heart broke that day—
'Tis not always the bullets that kill."

Then a woman's form darkened the doorway,
And a sweet gentle voice cried, "Roy,
Can't you see that my poor heart is breaking?
I heard what you said to my boy,
I married your brother because we both heard,
To save the flag you gave your life.
'Twas all a mistake, and you came too late!"
Then his words cut her heart like a knife.

THE STAR AND THE FLOWER

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A young man sits one evening in a parlor rich and grand
Beside a proud young heiress, the fairest in the land;
He tells her that he loves her and begs her for his wife,
Altho' he's poor, he's honest, and he loves her more than
life.

The maiden pales a moment, then slowly lifts her head,
"I love you, but can't wed you because you're poor," she
said.

"I ne'er will wed another for my heart is yours, you know,"
Then gazing in his eyes she said, in accents soft and low:

CHORUS—

"If a star would wed a flower,
It must fall from its nest on high
And the flower to reach the star,
Must droop on its stalk and die.
'Tis the same when woman loves,
For by her love she lives—
And like the star and flower,
She will die for the love she gives."

A year has passed and on a ranch in a far off Western state
A young man sits at twilight, a-dreaming of his fate,
In reverie he sees there, her face so young and fair,
Her tender eyes gaze at him from beneath her golden hair.
The door is softly opened, a maiden steps inside,
"'Tis Madge," he says, then clasps her close to his heart
with pride.

"I cannot live without you, dear," and blushes red,
"So left my home to come to you," then sweetly, softly said:

THE TIE THAT BINDS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Within a small room, cold and cheerless
There sits a young woman alone,
Beside her a cradle stands empty,

While o'er it she sobs and moans,
"My husband he no longer loves me,
His love vanished when baby died,
So I'll leave him and our home forever,
And out in the cold world abide."
She packs baby's clothes in a bundle,
While tears slowly flow down her cheek,
"I never would leave him, no never,
If only one kind word he'd speak.
Just then the door quickly opened,
Her husband takes the bundle away,
And he spreads the things out on the table,
While gently to her he does say:

CHORUS—

"One little stocking for you, Nell,
One tiny blue shoe for me,
One baby's wrap and her small lace cap,
We'll share in memory;
One lock of hair is for you, dear,
See how the golden curl shines,
And we'll both keep
Her smile as she sleeps,
For she's the tie that binds."

In silence they gazed at each other,
Then softly his darling wife said:
"To-day is our third anniversary,
Just three years ago we were wed,
Remember the seat in the orchard,
Where we would meet day after day,
And 'twas there with your arms close about me,
You called me your queen of May."
"And don't you remember the parson,"
He cried, with his face all aglow,
"I hear his voice saying: 'God bless you,
You'll be a good man to her, Joe.'"
Then closer they draw to each other,

"Ah darling," he said, "won't you stay,
If it's only in mem'ry of baby?
I promise I'll never more say:

THAT FIFER OF THE OLD DRUM CORPS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

When to celebrate their nation's holiday,
The grey haired monuments of freedom's strife
Go marching by, the cheers ring loud and long
For those who gladly risked both limb and life;
But above the shouts of welcome there is heard
The music of the fifer fond and true,
And a hush comes o'er the cheering multitude,
As they gaze upon this veteran in blue.

CHORUS—

See, there he goes,
How well he knows,
All eyes are moistened with emotion,
Each foot beats time,
When his fife sublime,
Plays "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean";
When they hear the strain of Dixie's refrain,
All patriots from near and far,
Clasp hands, you bet,
And they'll ne'er forget
That fifer of the old drum corps.

'Twas a day like this two score of years ago,
When responding to old glory's anxious call,
This warrior bold with fife to lips as now,
Inspired those with him to win or fall,
And 'midst the shot and shell that thinned the ranks,
He played until he'd seen the enemy fly,
No wonder then that heads are bared to-day,
As this patriarch in blue goes marching by.

THE FALCON AND THE DOVE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A man of fortune and of fame,
Once wooed a maid without a name;
And won her heart with vows of love,
The story of the falcon and the dove.
She gave her love,
He gave his gold,
But when she asked him for his love,
This story she was told:

CHORUS—

Once in a wild wood lived a bird,
A bird without a nest,
And it sang a song that a Falcon heard,
And the dove's love song was her best;
When the falcon loved then he soared on high,
And gave to the dove but the right to die;
So whenever gold buys the right of love,
'Tis always the story of the falcon and the dove.

Since first this man and maiden met,
His gold has brought him but regret,
And ofttimes when he counts the cost,
Of all his friends and fortune he has lost
He counts for naught,
For they were bought,
In vain he prays to her above,
And mourns his lost true love.

THE LITTLE PLACE THAT I CALL HOME

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

There's a little town I know,
Where I'd dearly love to go,
In a little lowland valley far away;
Where the birds they sweetly sing,

And the water from the spring
Flows to music of its fall—day by day;
'Tis not grand when you compare,
But a welcome waits me there,
From the loved ones whom I left, this world to roam;
Tho' it's lowly and quite small,
'Tis the same in Spring or Fall,
Is the little place that I call home.

CHORUS—

Oh, the trees are always shady, and the grass is always
green,
There's a fragrance in the atmosphere, a truly lovely scene,
With a mother's love to greet you,
Ah, they know just how to treat you,
In the little place that I call home.

There's a sorrow lurking there
For a little face so fair,
Once so bright and cheerful now has passed away;
'Twas my little sister Kate,
Now I see her at the gate,
Where she waited for my coming ev'ry day,
I can see my mother's face,
And her sorrow I can trace,
For since sister died, she's almost left alone;
And there's something in each nook
That brings back her childish look,
In the little place that I call home.

THAT GRAND AMEN

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

One day, as I strolled by the house of God,
Weary and filled with pain,
As I thought of the many wasted years,
Of the life I had lived in 'vain,
I entered through the open door,
Knelt 'mongst the sinners there,

And to God on high, for my wayward life I offered up a
prayer,

And to God on high, for my wayward life, I offered up a
prayer.

The organ pealed with a grand refrain,

My inmost soul was stirred,

And the singers joined in their praise to God,

And the grand Amen I heard.

"Glory to God in the highest,

Peace be on earth to men,

Praise ye and sing to him our King,

Bless and adore His name.

Glory to God in the highest,

Good will to men."

My inmost soul was enraptured and charmed

At the sound of that grand Amen!

TO-NIGHT, OF ALL NIGHTS

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Darling, to-night, my thoughts go out to thee,

And my soul in its longing doth moan,

Wishing, dear heart, that I might be with thee;

To-night of all nights, I feel so lone;

The day has now gone since we said farewell,

Since you promised me to be my bride;

But now you have changed more than tongue can tell,

To-night of all nights, my hopes have died.

CHORUS—

This night of all nights, sweetheart, I am so lonely,

My thought's with you, love, of you, and you only;

My heart and soul, dear, life itself invites,

I'm longing to see you and kiss your lips to-night.

If I could know, if I could only feel,

Just the truth, how 'twould ease me of pain;

Darling, to-night if I a glimpse could steal,

I'd know if these longings were in vain;

Can you e'er forget the promises you made?
Whilst the moonlight shone from up above;
Darling, I'm so sad, oh, so sore afraid,
Wondering to-night, have I your love.

WILL I FIND MY MAMMA THERE?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

"Tell me, papa, tell me truly, shall I ever see my mamma dear;

Will she meet me up in heaven, will she come when I appear?"

Softly spoke a dying angel, to her father turning grey;
But he bowed his head in silence,
With a sob he turned away.

CHORUS—

Will I find my mamma there,
With her sweet face and golden hair;
And will she kiss me once again, soothe all my sorrows and my pain?

Some day papa you'll come too; for I love you, indeed I do:
Tell me, oh, tell me ere I go, will I find my mamma there?"

It was in the midst of Winter, when her mother stole away
From her husband, home and baby, by another led astray;
When the sun dawned one bright morning, it shone on a broken home,

And a baby crying: "Papa,
Where, oh, where has mamma gone?"

Suddenly the door is opened, and a woman cries: "My child!"

But the father steps between them, and she pleads with voice so mild:

"Let me only kiss her sweet lips, let me hear her say mamma."

Then he sadly turns and shows her
'Tis too late, her babe is dead.

WHEN I COME BACK

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A girl gone away and a mother's heart aching for one little,
pretty maid;
She holds to her breast just a sweet little rose, and watches
it wither and fade;
'Tis all she has left to recall happy days, before Mollie dear
had fled;
She opens a letter, it made her heart glad, for in it Mollie
said:

CHORUS—

When I come back to you, mother dear, I hope you will
love me still;
You think me wrong for staying so long from you and my
dear sister Lil;
If you only knew how much I love you, my faults you
would not attack,
Forgive me, oh do, I'll be good and true, when I come
back.
As time glided by and the mother was dying, this message
fill'd Mollie with fear;
"Come home my dear sister, our mother is ill, and wants to
have both of us near."
When Mollie returns to her home once again, she found her
dear mother was dead;
Just under the pillow a letter was there, and in it Mollie
read:

WHILE THE DANCE GOES ON

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Amid the glare and the splendor,
Amid the gay and the bright—
Joyous and merry the dancers,
No thoughts of sorrow to-night
Softly the strains of the music

Play on all evening 'till dawn—
Happy are they,
Joyous and gay,
While the dance goes on.
Yet there is one of the dancers,
One with a beautiful face—
Laughing and chatting so gayly,
Dancing with such careless grace—
There is no firm hand to guide her,
No one to shield her from harm.
She is alone,
Husband at home,
While the dance goes on.

CHORUS—

While the music is playing
In the grand ball room,
While all hearts beat softly
To the old sweet tune,
While the hours are passing,
Fleeting one by one,
No thoughts of the morrow,
While the dance goes on.

You will not go to the ball, love,
Stay with our baby to-night—
Rang in the ears of this lady,
Whose sparkling eyes shone so bright—
What cares she for home and baby
While she is queen of the ball?
Husband and home,
Baby alone,
While the dance goes on.
Only too soon is it over,
Home she approaches at last,
There at the door meets her husband,
Whose sad tears fall thick and fast
Then not a word is there spoken,

Gently he leads his wife on,
There on its bed,
Baby lies dead,
While the dance goes on.

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In a plain old-fashioned cottage,
Standing back among the trees,
You'll find a little family of three.
There sat the kind old father,
And the dear, sweet mother too,
With Maggie dear, as happy as could be.
These simple minded country folks
Had lavished all their love
Upon their pet, whom they could never doubt.
But she listened to the tempter,
And her home had lost its charm,
So she fled when the lights went out.

CHORUS—

Wait, wait, wait until the lights go out,
Wait, wait until the shadows fall!
There's a mother's heart breaking
For her child who has gone—
She has fled
When the lights went out.

When the morning dawned the old folks
Found a little empty bed,
'Twas then they knew their precious bird had flown.
"We've nothing more to live for! Maggie's gone," they
sadly said,
As tearfully they viewed their blighted home.
And so one day, the neighbors say,
A ragged girl returned,
With saddened eyes she gazed 'round and about,

But she found the old home silent,
And the dear kind voices hushed;
Their hearts broke when the lights went out.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

The husband and wife now are parting,
Though once they had not loved in vain,
The wife seemed so sad, broken-hearted,
Will they ever be happy again?
But they have a fair little daughter,
The pride of her parents is she.
"Who will you choose, papa or me,
Come, tell us which one shall it be?"

CHORUS—

Now which one, mother,
Which one shall it be?
I don't know, I love you so,
And I'm sure, my mother,
You, as well as papa too,
Are very fond, and both of you love me.
Tell me, which one, mother,
Which one shall it be?
I don't know why is it so,
For I love you both so well,
I'm sure I cannot tell,
Oh, dear mother, tell me which one shall it be?

The husband and father is silent,
The mother and wife is the same,
Their own little child who has spoken
Now has filled both their hearts with such pain.
The thought of their dear one's devotion
Has caused both their folly to see,
"Our child is right, don't part to-night,
So do not ask which shall it be?"

WAITING FOR FOOTSTEPS THAT NEVER CAME

The music for this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A fair faced girl stood one evening,
Dressed in her own wedding gown,
Looking so gentle and winning,
No shadow darkened her brow—
This was the hour she had longed for,
Had dreamt of it night and day,
For soon she would enter a new life,
A husband will take her away.
In came a man tall and handsome,
Tears in his dark eyes were seen;
“Come to my arms, oh, my daughter,
Listen to what I shall say.
There is a secret, my darling,
Something I’ve kept in my heart;
Now that another will claim you,
’Tis better you know ere we part.

CHORUS—

Waiting for footsteps that never came,
Waiting and watching in vain—
Waiting alone, watching at home,
For footsteps that never came.

“One stormy night, ’twas in Winter,
After the theater was over,
I stumbled over a basket
Some one had placed at my door.
I heard the wail of a baby,
That cry it went straight to my heart;
I vowed that I’d always protect it,
That nothing could tear us apart.
I gently raised up the cover—
Two sparkling eyes opened wide,
Then from her lips came ‘dear papa’
I bowed my head—yes, I cried!

But in the basket a letter,
This is what it did contain:
'Wait for her mother's own footsteps';
I've waited but they never came.

"Now for the end of my story,
It is best that you should know,
Your mother was here this morning,
Wanted you with her to go—
Tattered and torn, cold and hungry,
She knelt at my feet and prayed,
Just to look on the face of her daughter,
The child whom at my door she laid.
I turned away from her pleadings—
Tears coursing down on her cheek;
'Grant me this boon, oh, I beg you,
Let me but hear my child speak!'
Just then it was that I told her,
This was her child's wedding-day,
'What is the use of my living?'
And then in my arms passed away."

WHAT DOES THE FLOWER SAY?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Tidy is the home where Mamie lives,
Sweet flowers ever grow,
And here and there her form is seen,
Which sets our hearts aglow;
She sighs, not she, there is not time,
The moments fast are fleeting,
And as the evening's twilight comes,
Her sweetheart she'll be greeting—
Plucking then a flower from off its bed,
She tears each leaf in twain,
And as she drops them one by one,
You'll hear this maid exclaim:

CHORUS—

It's one I love, and two he loves,
And three I love the same;
Can he be true? Oh! tell me that,
Take from my heart this pain!
He loves me with his heart and soul
So does the flower say,
He loves me for myself alone,
Will he cast me away?

Strolling through the woodland, arm in arm,
A loving pair is seen;
There's some one hiding just beyond,
Close by a shady stream;
A look, a scream, what can it mean,
Poor Mamie now is glancing
Upon her lover, oh! so false,
With another maid entrancing—
Eagerly she listens to their words,
She watches not in vain,
And sees her rival pluck a flower,
And the same sweet words exclaim:

WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, AH, LET ME DIE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Two pretty eyes look into mine;
Two soft, white arms my neck entwine;
Two pearly tears that fell for me,
Tell me she loves me faithfully.
"I only live for you alone,
Life has no charms without my own;
I care not, love, whate'er betide,
As long as you are by my side.

CHORUS—

"Without your love, ah, let me die,
I only live when you are nigh;
And when your eyes look into mine,

'Tis then I feel that I am thine;
No other world exists for me,
My love for you shall constant be;
I could not leave you though I try;
Without your love, ah, let me die!"

He softly kissed her tear-stained face,
And held her close in fond embrace;
"You must not doubt my love for you
Tho' some may say I am untrue."
"They cannot change my love," she said,
Then slowly bowed her golden head;
"I do not care to live, that's all,
The day I learn your love is dead."

WHEN A COON SITS IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Since the coon craze came in town,
There is nothing has been found,
That would create a big sensation,
But if a colored gent was elected president,
He wouldn't do a thing to this great nation.
Coons then would wear good clothes,
Powder their face and straighten their nose;
You could only tell a coon then by his hair!
Then he'd give to each coon, every one of his kin,
A razor, chicken and a quart of nigger gin!
When a coon sits in the presidential chair!

CHORUS—

Oh, my! what fun
In Washington!
You bet that ev'ry coon from Coontown will be there!
Won't that be fine,
Simply divine?
When a coon sits in the presidential chair!

Now on his reception day,
 Ev'ry thing will have full sway,
 You must look like a coon to be a member.
 The reception, furthermore,
 Will not take place on the White House floor,
 But they will all assemble in the cellar.
 Politics won't be a breeze,
 But shooting craps and policy!
 They'll have to raid the White House then for fair!
 Between the razors, the gin and the niggers there
 They'll do cake walks through windows and even in the
 air,—
 When a coon sits in the presidential chair!

WHEN FINNEGAN SANG WITH THE BAND

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
 Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Tim Finnegan was noted as a singer of renown,
 At ev'ry ball or party he'd be seen;
 And ev'ry one admitted not an Irishman in town
 Could sing like him "The Wearing of the Green";
 And when the march was over at the great Hibernian ball,
 Each boy would take his partner by the hand,
 And listen there in rapture as the melody would flow
 While Finnegan was singing with the band.

CHORUS—

When Finnegan sang with the band,
 It was fine, it was grand;
 The dancers would stop on the floor.
 Their idol to cheer and adore;
 No singer could get such a hand,
 Not the best in the land,
 And he roused up them all with his "After the Ball,"
 When Finnegan sang with the band.

Now Finnegan's young lady friend would sit beside him
 there,
 To join in ev'ry chorus that he sang—

And when the song was over all the crowd would yell for
fair,

For Finnegan was solid with the gang.

Those happy days have passed away, they'll never come
again,

But pleasant thoughts Tim's name to me will bring,
And fancy takes me back again to old Hibernia Hall,
When I listened to the songs he used to sing.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT LOVE?

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

One night alone in a mansion,
No one to love or caress,
Sits a man, noble and handsome,
No loving wife's lips to press;
She married him for position,
No love was in her heart;
Sad and alone, in his grand home,
He looks around him and says:

CHORUS—

What is a home without baby,
Just to love and to tease and adore?
What is a home without sweet wife,
Who will kiss you at night by the door?
What is a home without sunshine,
As it sheds its bright rays from above?
You may have wealth and its pleasures,
But what is a home without love?

Down the street he walks one evening,
Passes a cottage so neat,
Stops and looks in at the window,
Sees there a picture so sweet;
Husband and wife and a baby,
Laughing and kissing too;
He turns aside, his tears to hide,
While from his heart come these words:

WHEN EPHRAIM PLAYS HIS SOLO ON THE
DRUM

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

When the Arabian Lincoln Guards turn out,
You'll hear the dusky damsels shout,
"There's Ephraim!
Ain't he a lulu?"
With bear skin hat and trousers white,
He thinks that he is out of sight,
When in fact he looks like a Zulu,
The music rings out loud and sweet,
As they go marching down the street,
Each coon is well supplied with good old rum,
With martial music playing,
The dusky hearts they're slaying,
And Ephraim plays his solo on the drum.

CHORUS—

Music so sweet and clear,
None with it can compare,
Naught is heard except that awful bum, bum, bum,
It's then you'll hear the darkies talk,
They say he's champion of New York,
But Ephraim keeps on playing on the big bass drum.

On each Emancipation Day,
From Thompson street to avenue A.
In rain or shine,
These coons they do walk,
Past each member's house in turn they go,
Their uniforms they're out to show,
They're the wonder of all great New York.
In case that any man that's white
Should have the nerve to start a fight,
From the pockets of each man a razor comes,
The wool will soon be flying,
And more than one a-dying.
And Eph would stop his solo on the drum.

WAY DEEP IN MY HEART

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

When night's dark mantle creeps over the sky,
And alone you are sitting in thought,
Dreaming perhaps of the days gone by,
While the tears come rushing unsought,
I wonder if fancies pain as they dart,
Of myself in the long, long ago,
Yet, oh, how I hope way deep in my heart,
You have not quite forgotten, ah—no.

CHORUS—

Way down deep in my heart,
The love that you once bore for me,
Has pained me so deeply since we are apart.
Yet my love still clings to thee;
Way deep I've tried to forget,
But your image will never depart,
And oh—how I hope you'll never feel that pain
That I feel way deep in my heart.

Could I but read your heart and your soul,
To relieve my heart's aching void,
If I should read there just one word—no,
Would my passion then be destroyed?
It seems my love will not idly be slain,
Although, dear, we are now far apart,
Engraved forever in one endless pain,
And I feel it way deep in my heart.

WELL, I GUESS YES! I GUESS I DO!

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Miss Amanda Johnson, the lady I prefer,
Told her quite politely I'd like to marry her,
She's my little Venus,
Ev'ry one that's seen us
Said we were beyond compare;

But lots of coons are trying to win this Mandy girl,
 'Cause she am de leader of Society's whirl;
 On my knees before her,
 With love I do implore her,
 But what do you suppose she says:

CHORUS—

"Well, ah, I guess yes,
 Yes, ah, I guess so,
 Don't a think a Mister Nigger,
 'Cause you cut a little figure,
 That you'se gwine to be the whole real show!
 For the woods are full of a coons like you,
 And I couldn't do no worse,
 If you was a second choice!
 Well, I guess yes, I guess I do!"

Said I'd make arrangements for the wedding very soon,
 Have the church and bridesmaids
 All scented with perfume,
 Cards they would be printed,
 Pink and yellow tinted,
 Inviting all the coons in town,
 And don't forget your presents, we'll need 'em 'deed
 dat's so,
 The more we get the less we'll have to buy, you know!
 When I said, "Miss Johnson,
 Change your name to Thompson!"
 What do you suppose she said?

WEEZIE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
 Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

In a minstrel show, a coon named Snow, was singing bal-
 lads fine;
 He'd sung galore, songs by de score, of gals an' stars dat
 shine;

He sang one song, not very long, a song dat told his love
For one sweet maid he would not trade, for all de skies
above.

The song it ran:

CHORUS—

Weezie, you're the idol of my heart,
When you're around yo' makes life bright an' easy,
Yo' am de sunshine of ma life an' I wants yo', babe, fo' to
be my wife,
I'm kinder lonesome heah without yo' Weezie.

After a while, an' many a mile, from Weezie this great
troupe,

Gave up its tour, disbanded sure, an' ended in de soup;
While up de track, trunk on his back, dis minstrel man
was walking,

Quite shy of coin, his babe to join, he to himself was talk-
ing.

And he murmured:

YOU DON'T HANDLE 'NUFF MONEY FOR ME

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Of all cheap coons that's in this land,
Bill Jackson takes the prize,
Wears second hand clothes from head to feet,
Food is the only new thing he buys.
This coon was engaged to be married once,
To the swellest gal in coon town;
But he took her in a second hand store,
To buy her a wedding gown.
She said: "Look here, Mister Jackson,
You've grossly insulted me,
Cause I never wears no cast-off clothes,
Mine are all first class you see.

I anticipated you a cheap coon,
But you've showed it plain to-day,
Now I don't want you nor your presents,
But I want you to hear me say:

CHORUS—

“You don't handle 'nuff money for me,
You have certainly acted funny,
You said you had money to burn,
And you'd burn it with your honey.
I find you is nothing but a con,
Your talk's been all a bluff,
You don't handle nuff money for me,
You ain't worth one pinch of snuff.”

Next day the coon went to her house,
Begged her to be his bride.
She said: “If you love me,
Take me for a carriage ride.”
This coon got his express wagon,
To drive her through the boulevard;
He said: “I'd hire a coupé, Babe,
But times are most too hard.”
She said: “Listen, Mister Jackson,
It's official we won't wed,
Cause I wouldn't marry you, man,
If all other coons were dead.
So take your brass engagement ring,
Your old brass watch also,
There's nothing else belongs to you
So take yourself and go.

He took her down to Cooney Isle
To show her all the scenes;
They went into a cheap café,
He ordered her some pork and beans;
I tell you, this Bill Jackson
Is the cheapest of all coons;

He ordered her a plate of cream,
And told the waiter to bring two spoons.
He took her to church last Sunday,
And he certainly acted strange;
He put five cents in the collection box,
And took out four cents change.
She said: "Brush by, Mister Jackson,
After you I'll never weep,
I thought that I could love you, man,
But, coon, you are most too cheap."

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A vision of beauty greets my eyes,
A girl with an angel face,
As she stands beneath the gleaming lights
With oh, such careless grace
Lovers all crowd around her throne,
There is no place for me,
As I stand in the midst of the mighty crowd;
I am thinking, my love, of thee;
You'll never know the pain I feel,
Gazing on thy face bright,
You'll never know the dull heartache
Throbbing in me to-night.
I can't believe that you are false;
Would you then have it so?
Though my heart may break to-night,
You will never know.

CHORUS—

You'll never know,
When my heart is sad,
You'll never know that my love you had,
If there be one, but one regret,
You'll never know, you'll never know.
Tho' my heart break, you'll never know.

The carriage is waiting at the door,
 A maiden so fair steps in,
 The light has faded from her eyes,
 Can she be thinking of him?
 He thinks me false, unkind, untrue,
 Could he but read my heart,
 The answer there would then declare,
 Love, we shall never part—
 You'll never know the pain I felt,
 Coldly you turned away—
 You'll never know the tears that fall,
 Falling for you to-day.
 I must be smiling, bright and gay,
 And to the world not show
 How I long to see your face,
 You will never know.

YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND THIS COON HANGING 'ROUND

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

Talk about your hoodoos,
 Listen to me,
 I'll tell you one that's true;
 He's de cutest little nigger,
 And he lives 'cross de way;
 I'll tell you what he'll do—
 I was talking to my Lulu
 In de park Sunday night,
 Just about to get 'pon my knees,
 To tell her how I loved her,
 Dar clean through and through,
 When I heard dat black coon sneeze—

CHORUS—

Eb'ry night when I goes down to what dey call Black
 Town,
 Eb'ry night when I goes down to see dat gay old Town,

Eb'ry night when I goes down to what dey call Black Town,
You'll always find this coon a-hanging 'round.

He's around in de morning,
Round in de night,
Don't think dat coon ever sleeps;
If you're out stealing chickens,
Or shootin' of dem craps,
Over the fence he'll peep.
Dreamt of him last night,
Played him in de gig,
Couldn't win no how!
I'm gwine to hoé my razor
For dat nigger dude!
When we meet, dar's gwine to be a row.

YOU AIN'T LANDLORD NO MORE

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

A mahogany colored coon
And his citron colored wife,
Dissolved partnership to-day.
'Twas all about a policy gig,
That lady dispossessed that nig.
"You mule-faced looking coon,
You'll be a grass widower soon;
And there's no use to grieve,
'Cause it's decisive, Mister Coon,
That you must leave."
When she spoke that fatal word,
That ugly yap got riled,
And then he looked real wild,
He cried like a child.
She said: "When the weather was warm
Your love, you know, you didn't unfold,
Now you are trying to love me cause the weather's
cold.

CHORUS—

So you rubber-lipp'd, chinchilla-head coon,
There'll be a black burying round here soon!
A black cat crossed my path last night,
I know that was a sign for fight;
Your head looks like a watermelon, see?
I'll plug it if you fool with me;
There is no use to pout,
Your lease has done run out,
You ain't landlord no more!"

"If I ain't landlord, baby,
Baby, let me board here
'Till the weather gets warm,
And I'll go to work for you,—
I'll be a burglar if that won't do!
Now, babe, don't think too fast; forget the past,
Let's renew old love,
'Cause you know, baby, you are
My turtle dove!"
"Smoke up, man, your pipe's gone out,
For you ain't one to nine!
For you I'll never yearn—
Why, there's coons to burn!—
'Cause you are not my style of man!
I want a straight-haired coon,
So take your hat-box full of clothes and leave this
room!

CHORUS—

"You cat-fish mouth, flounder-foot moke,
You're never fixed, you're always broke!
The house rent you could never pay,
So I have thrown our marriage license 'way,
Around here you ain't no more boss.
Yes, I have got a colored divorce,
I ain't no more your wife,
I'll live a solitary life,
You ain't landlord no more!"

FIFTY YEARS AGO

The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris, Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

An old couple they were standing side by side,
The old lady asked a question,
He replied: "Yes, it's years since I have seen you, past is
dead.

Years ago you were my sweetheart," so he said,
"They called you the village belle,
Hearts at your feet were laid,
You were bright as the morning's light,
Many the vows we made.
Do not turn away and leave me, you shall know
How my life went out that evening, fifty years ago.

CHORUS—

"It was fifty years ago, my love, just fifty years ago,
I would often wait by the garden gate,
With love that pain'd me so,
And although we're old and feeble now
And life has seen its day,
I would give my life, had you been my wife,
Just fifty years ago.

"You remember, dear, that party, years ago?
I sent you an invitation, you must know,
And I waited for an answer, all in vain.
To this day I cannot fathom, why none came.
To your little home I ran,
Thinking you'd wait for me,
No light shone in your darkened home,
No girl was there for me.
Then I found you at the party,—ah, that blow!—
You had gone there with another, fifty years ago."

Then this sweet old lady answered: "I'll explain.
You have always thought me false, but I don't blame,
For that letter that you sent me, though it came,
I, my love, did not receive it,—'tis a shame!

Why, what are those tears for now!
Surely they're not for me?
You were true, yes, and I was, too,
Through all these weary years!
It was mother burned your letter, dear, old beau!
She wished me to wed another, fifty years ago."

IF YOU WERE LIKE A ROSE

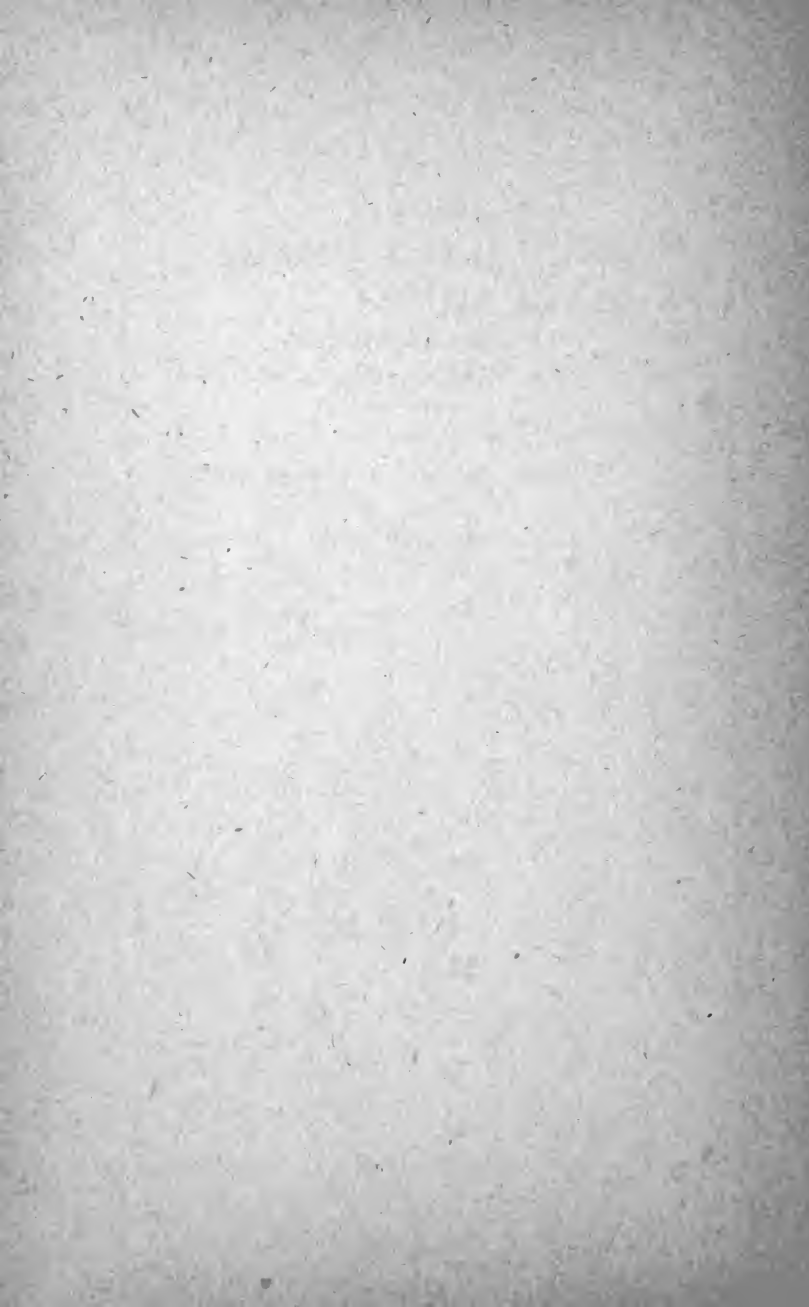
The music of this song can be obtained from Charles K. Harris,
Music Publisher, 31 W. 31st St., New York City. Send for catalogue.

If you were like a rose of red,
Within a garden fair,
I'd pluck you from your leafy bed,
My love alone to share.
I'd place you on a golden throne,
And worship at your shrine,
My thoughts would be of you alone,
If you were only mine.

CHORUS—

If you were but a rose,
The fairest flow'r, dear heart, that grows,
I'd keep you near my throbbing heart,
And we'd never drift apart.
You'd be my shining light,
My vision through the day and night,
And my life anew would start,
If you were a rose, sweetheart.

If you were like a rose of red,
Beneath the morning dew,
'Twould seem like tears just newly shed
From your bright eyes of blue.
I'd oftentimes gaze into your heart,
My answer there to find,
From you I never would depart,
If you were only mine.



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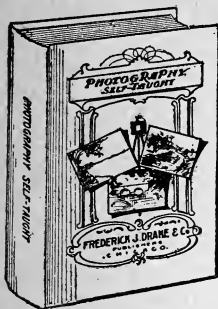
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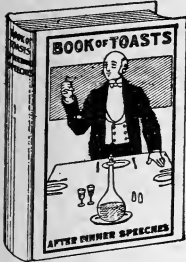
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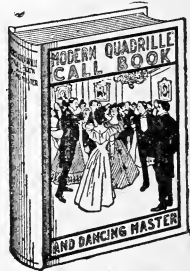
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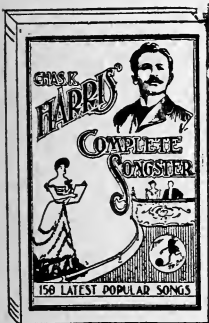
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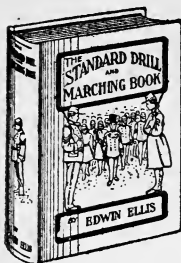
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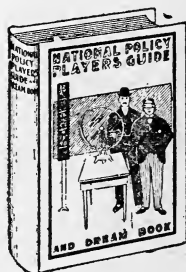
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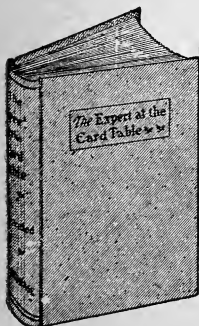
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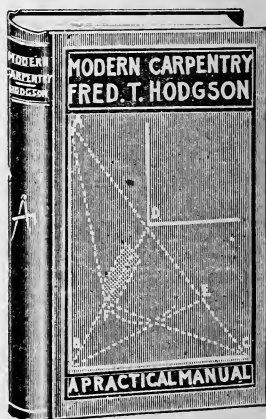
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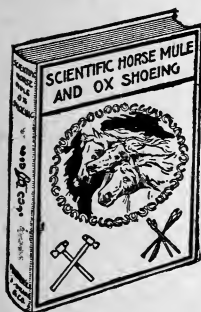
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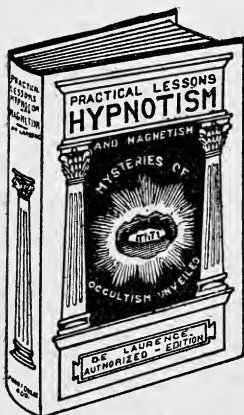
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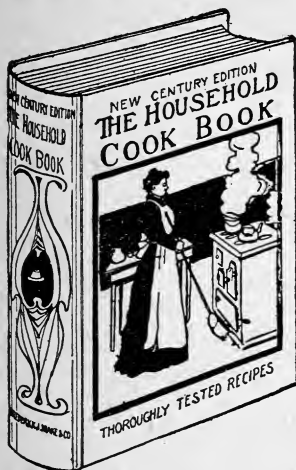
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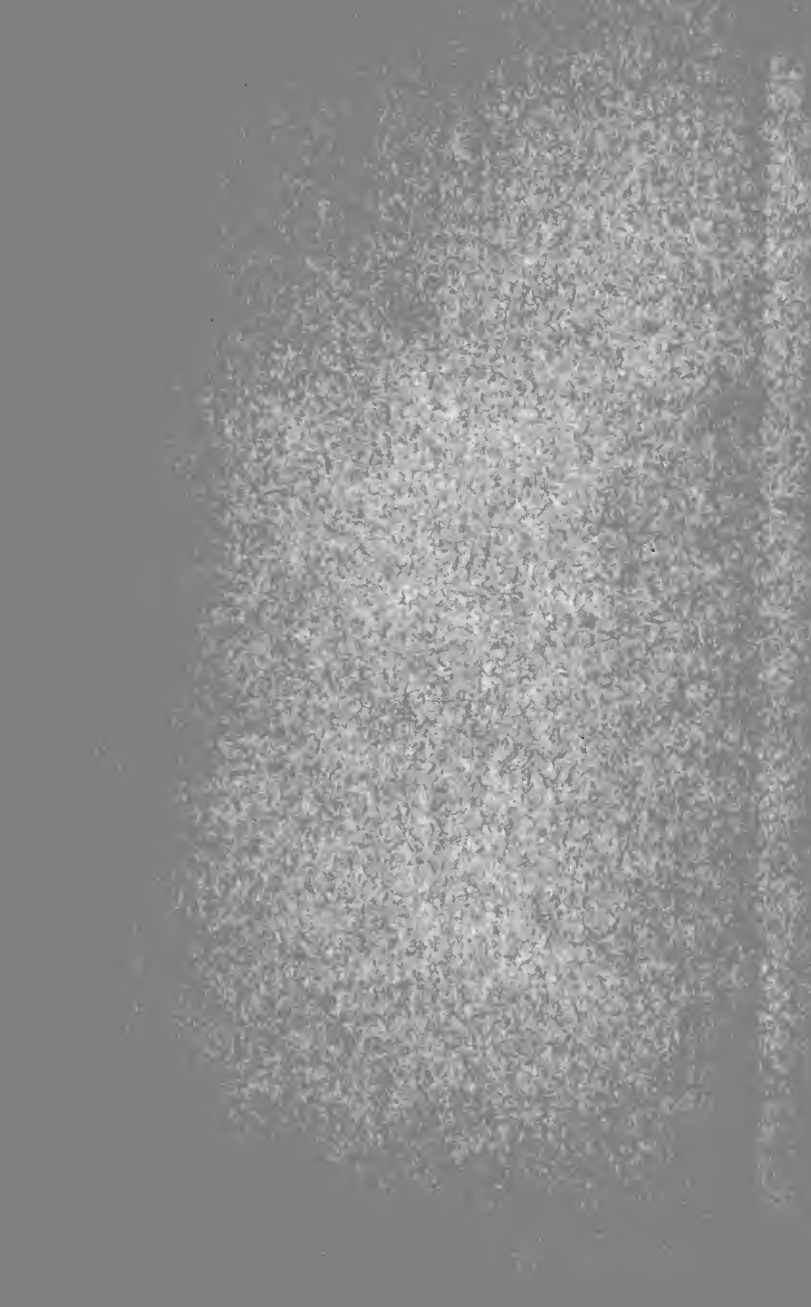
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